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A TWILIGHT WOOING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA H. CASE.

The beautiful summer day went out
On a pathway paved with amber light;
Beyond the sundown's liquid gold,
And shadowed rifts of cloud wreaths white,
I caught a glimpse of her emerald robe,
And her scarf of amethystine sky,
And her breath was fragrant as Orient balm,
That fanned my cheek as she floated by.

The twilight met her upon her way,
And held her long in a close embrace,
Then shook out his tresses of flossy mist,
To shadow his crimson, blushing face.
And I thought: "Maud is fair as this sweet June day,
Oh, would that I could the twilight be,
I would fold about her the opal robe
Of my true love's boundless immensity."

I had watched her flitting among the flowers,
Gathering roses and heliotrope,
Now here, now there, like a bright winged bird,
And my heart grew full of a glad, new hope.
I heard the gliding, silvery plash
Of soft waves lapping the glittering sand,
And smelt the lilies, whose slumbrous hearts
Were as waxen white as Maud's dear hand.

In a moment more I was at her side,
"Would she ride with me in my Spanish boat?
'Twas moored just below, like a milk white swan,
O'er the odorous waves 'twould so gracefully float."
A bright flush crimsoned her oval cheek,
As the sunset crimsons a snowy cloud,
And the words she spoke were so sweet that now
I would not utter the tones aloud.

Enough, when later our barque lay rocked
'Mid creamy lilies on scented waves,
We were mindful only of sweetest bliss,
Forgetting that earth held sorrow or graves—
Our rapt souls 'tranced in a dream of love,
From which I prayed we might never wake,
While the stars lay asleep in the sky, and the moon
Like a great white pearl hung over the lake.

The flowers she had gathered lay meshed 'mid curls
That drooped on her white throat I could see;
"Would she be my darling, my bride, if so,
Would she give the blossoms she wore to me?"
Did my beautiful love me? Is she mine?
Must I tell you I won my heart's dear hope?
No wonder I wear on my heart to-day,
A rose, and a spray of heliotrope.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER XIV.

I had one paramount objection to Mr. Lasher's stage coach—it started quite too early in the morning; but this was a fault from which few conveyances of that kind were exempt, and I am consequently glad they have become obsolete in all civilized localities, and that railroads with late trains for the accommodation of gentlemen who don't care a pin about the glories of sunrise, have taken their places.

But Mr. Lasher's coach must be taken early if at all, so I roused Bingle, who was exceedingly mortified when he discovered in what kind of a plight he had gone to bed; and after stuffing our dress-coats, white pantaloons, and extra boots into our valises, and assumed our travelling costumes, we went down to breakfast, which we found waiting our appearance; but poor Bingle's appetite was among the things that had been. Manfully he strove to swallow down the great lump of congulated grief that kept rising up in his throat, effectually preventing the free transit of toast and coffee, but it would not stay swallowed, and he was fain to sip a homœopathic dose of his old Java, and in lieu of the substantials gaze shyly across the table at his antique flame.

There is no use in denying it—Love is a dangerous thing, quite as much so and fully as uncomfortable as the whooping-cough and measles. Even when everything goes smoothly, it is quite apt to spoil one's relish for any but the most unsubstantial diet, upon which a man grows thin, and if aught happens to interrupt the placid flow of the current (and it is very probable that something will) it is pretty safe to calculate upon losing one's appetite altogether for a few weeks, which quite likely will impair the digestion, and end in an attack of dyspepsia.

I sincerely trust my readers will not consider me wanting in that romance and poetry of which every good writer should have an abundant store, if he would please his readers who have not arrived at adolescence, because I take this practical view of the effect of love upon the digestive organs; but I cannot help having some fears for my reputation since my cousin Nell looked through my manuscript the other day, and declared (candid critic that she is) that there is quite as much romance to be found in her mother's almanac, and that my friend Bingle is the only "love of a character" portrayed.

I am sorry to have incurred the young lady's censure. I have a great respect for the tender passion, and have been in love very frequently myself; and before those gray hairs began to make their appearance in my beard, I could romance about that sort of thing greatly to my own satisfaction; but when the rose is faded there is no use in trying to resuscitate it, and when the first impassioned sentiment of early youth is gone, it is gone forever. Let us sigh! for with it has gone much of that beautiful glamour that surrounded the ideal world in which we used to revel, leaving in its place only hard experience and worldly wisdom.

Feeling kindly disposed toward the poet I lingered as long as possible over our breakfast, but Time was less accommodating, and soon the remorseless finger of the old clock warned us to begone; so I tore the literary gentleman away, and though he bore himself with commendable fortitude, some scattering dew-drops in his mild blue eyes, attested that he still loved madly, and was therefore wretched.

"I feel *doosid* miserable," he said, as we walked toward the Buttonwood, "and it seems to me that when there's only one place in the world where a fellow can have a good time and not be in the way, the Fates ought to have decency enough about them to let him stay there."

"The Fates badger a man a good deal first and last," I replied, "but never mind, they'll do the fair thing by you yet."

"No they won't, *I know* 'em—they never have, and they never will do me a good turn, and its *doosid* discouraging."

Our arrival at the Buttonwood prevented a continuance of this colloquy which was becoming misanthropic, and Mr. Smile came out from behind his bar to bid us good-bye.

"I'm sorrry you're going to leave us, Mr. Bingle," he said. "Has the sweetheart relented any yet?"

"I have observed no change to speak of in that respect, and I don't know that I've much reason to expect any; but I still cherish the fond illusions of hope."

"Quite the proper thing to do, sir. The illusions of hope with a little brandy and water, put heart into a man; but here's the stage, and Squire Bottleworth's daughter hasn't come yet."

The ill-conditioned old vehicle rolled up to the door, and Mr. Lasher flourished his long whip for the benefit of admiring spectators, then twisted his reins round the brake lever, and drawled out the inquiry whether there were any down passengers that morning?

"Oh! yes, several from the camp-meeting up above here," Mr. Smile said; and the statement was presently corroborated by the appearance of a fat gentleman who wheezed, and a tall gentleman with an immense hooked nose, who had the least little dot of a wife, whom he watched carefully as though apprehensive of losing her, a brisk old lady with a bandbox, a grim gentleman with an emphatic walk, and lastly Mr. Bingle and myself.

"Back seat taken," Mr. Smile said to the fat gentleman, who was about appropriating it.

"No such thing! It's empty," said the fat gentleman.

"Spoken for, though," persisted Mr. Smile, "Squire Bottleworth engaged it for his daughter last night."

"She must be a big 'un, to want a hull seat," grunted the fat gentleman, but he abandoned the contest and established himself on the front seat by the side of the lady with a bandbox. The large-nosed gentleman with his little wife, and the grim gentleman preferred a claim to the remaining seat, and the alternative was left Bingle and myself of going on the roof or of taking forcible possession of Miss Bottleworth's reserved rights, and we might have determined on the latter proceeding had not the young lady made her appearance at that juncture and bade us good-morning with a bewitching smile.

"Mr. Larringdon, good-morning, sir," the great miller said, "we have been dilatory, I fear, but you will pardon us. This is my daughter, whom I confide to your care. Cynthia, my love, get in."

"Cynthia my love," obeyed the paternal injunction, and I was about climbing to the roof with Bingle, when her voice arrested me.

"Papa reserved a seat for you *here*," she said, "I am so timid about riding in the stage. Mr. Bingle, I am sure, will have no objection to going on the roof by himself."

"Oh! no, certainly not—I should be charmed to do it," said the poet, gallantly, and yielding to Fate I sprang into the vacant place and called to Mr. Lasher to drive on.

"One moment, please, till I tell my papa good-bye," said my fair neighbor, and the window went down and her head was thrust forth and the eminent miller received a filial salute, "Kiss mamma and all the girls for me, and give them my love and tell them to write," were her parting injunctions, and having thus disposed of her superfluous affection, she subsided. Mr. Lasher executed a fiendish shriek on the most despicable of tin horns, and we rolled away.

"The emotions incident to leaving home, are very beautiful, do you not think so?" asked my companion, with a sweet smile.

I said I had always considered them very pretty.

"Yes, they have their origin in the sweetest sympathies of our nature, but perhaps these fresh, youthful feelings wear off by-and-by."

My experience was that they usually did, and I said so, at which the young lady was shocked, and so changed the conversation, and proceeded to paint the portraits of her city relatives and their grandeur, of which I knew something, although I had evidently seen them through different spectacles from those she wore, and finally the young lady affected weariness, leaned her head upon my shoulder, and seemed to sleep.

"Lovyers, I guess," muttered the fat gentleman to the brisk old lady, in a subdued voice, and the old lady nodded and smiled approvingly.

"Rather a flat-looking pair," whispered the grim gentleman to the little lady.

I perfectly agreed with the grim gentleman, and wished from my heart that Miss Bottleworth was at home leading the *ton* of Oak Hill.

Soon she awoke, with a little start that was quite natural.

"Where am I?" she said, in a pretty, frightened voice.

"Here," said the grim gentleman, with the air of a man who announces an incontrovertible fact.

"Dreaming, wasn't you, miss?" said the large-nosed gentleman, in rather an encouraging way.

"Playing possum, I guess," wheezed the fat gentleman, in an undertone.

"Yes, I must have been dreaming," Miss Cynthia answered. "I was feeling quite exhausted. How far have we travelled?"

"Three miles and a quarter," said the grim gentleman, with mathematical precision.

"Is that all? How shall I ever bear the journey?"

"I'm afraid you'll not be able to," I said, beginning to feel desperate, "and would recommend that you stop at the first halting place, and return by the coach to-night."

"Oh! no, I couldn't think of it, Mr. Larringdon—I am the most persevering little girl you ever saw, though I fear my physical strength is not equal to my energy, but you will let me lean on you when I am weary, will you not? I *know* you will—you look so kind and obliging," and without farther parley, Miss Cynthia permitted her head to droop upon my shoulder again.

It was a dreadful ride. For those entire fifteen miles I supported Miss Cynthia while she reposed, or listened to her insipid babbling in her waking moments. Once under pretext of feeling faint I obtained permission to ride for a little time on the roof, but the young lady was so alarmed about my health, and thrust her head through the window so often to inquire if I was convalescent, that I gave it up, and went back to my post, resolved to bear with fortitude whatever might be in store for me.

At length the monotony was broken in upon by a thunder storm which greatly startled my timid companion, and caused her to nestle still more closely to my side.

"What will poor Mr. Bingle do?" she suddenly exclaimed, chancing to remember the exposed situation of the poet, and she thrust forth her head to reconnoitre. "Are you alive and unharmed, Mr. Bingle?" she asked, feelingly.

"Oh! yes, perfectly, thank you," called out the literary gentleman from above, "it's *doosid* damp up here, but quite comfortable, I assure you."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Miss Cynthia, "my heart bleeds to think of his being exposed to this pitiless storm. "Oh! it is fearfully grand and awe-inspiring! I can never learn to look upon the warring of the elements unmoved."

"No warring at all among the elements, ma'am," said the grim gentleman. "Everything is governed by philosophical rules. The electricity in passing from one cloud to another displaces the air, leaving a partial vacuum, and air rushing together to fill it causes the thunder."

To this piece of information Miss Cynthia deigned no reply.

We finally arrived at the railway station, but my troubles were not yet ended, for the young lady still clung to me, and chatted with unimpaired volubility, while Bingle, dripping and tumbled, and miserable in mind and body, sat before us trying to look cheerful, and forcing a smile to his woebegone face, when by chance the young lady addressed him.

A few hours ride brought us to Albany in time for the New York boat. I had flattered myself that once on board the steamer I should have a brief respite from Miss Bottleworth, whom I presumed would betake herself to a state-room, but we had scarcely left the dock when she made her appearance on the promenade deck, declaring with her bewitching smile that she had heard so much of the magnificent scenery of the Hudson that she could not think of losing any part of it in sleep. Didn't I adore the Hudson?

I said it was certainly a fine stream, and there were some very creditable rocks scattered along its margin, still I was not quite prepared to say I regarded it with *adoration*.

Miss Cynthia was surprised that I could find language strong enough to express my sentiments on the subject. It must be because I had made the voyage so frequently, though she was sure she could sail up and down that noble river till old age came creeping over her, and still be unsatiated with its beauties.

I made no farther attempt to contend with Fate, and gave myself up to Miss Bottleworth's entertainment without another murmur. Her endurance was extraordinary. Hour after hour we paced the deck, and being now perfectly resigned, I pointed out with an unfaltering finger the various points of interest; if she had requested of me a pencil sketch of the Palisades, I should have attempted it without gainsaying, although I question my ability to make a respectable drawing of a factory chimney; and I confess that when the steamer reached the dock about six o'clock in the morning, I felt very much as I should imagine a man would who had been under an exhausted receiver.

It was a sultry, airless morning—and the effluvia of the narrow, dirty streets that skirt the river almost stifled me, worn out and hungry as I was, but Miss Cynthia and her trunk were to be delivered at Fourteenth street, so I summoned Bingle, who had pretty nearly recovered from his bodily ills by a night's rest, and sent him to look out the baggage and forward it by the city express, and then with Miss Cynthia on my arm I walked ashore, engaged the first hack I saw, and in process of time to my infinite relief deposited that inestimable young lady at the residence of her aunt.

"I shall see you of course very often," she said to me from the steps.

"Oh! certainly," I answered, and plunged into the carriage again and ordered the coachman to drive off with all speed to No. — Nassau street.

"If I ever assume the escort of another sentimental girl, may I be —— blessed!" I growled as I rushed up the stairs leading to my office, and entered it by means of a latch-key. Mr. Flatts was snoring on the lounge, but I unceremoniously rolled him off, and with a savage imprecation ordered him not to waken me till noon, after which I assumed the place he had vacated, and soon forgot my troubles in slumber.

CHAPTER XV.

"Hello! wake up!" shouted a familiar voice in my ear before I had been asleep as it seemed to me ten minutes, and I opened my eyes to find Wedgewood beside me. "I believe you would have slept till Christmas," he said, "if you had been left undisturbed. Nice habits you have been acquiring in the country. Here it is twelve o'clock, and breakfast or dinner, whatever you please to call it, has been waiting this half-hour, and I have been trying to restrain the impatience I feel to begin asking questions. How do you find yourself?"

"Tired, cross, and famished," I said. "I have been bored nearly to death by the most odious woman that it was ever my misfortune to meet."

"For shame! Guy. Is that the way you slander your sweetheart in her absence? Bingle has been here and told me all about it; how you rode together in the stage and on the cars as loving as turtle-doves, and sat up all night on the steamboat."

"Bingle deserves caning," I said in a towering passion. "It's bad enough to be condemned to a twenty-hours' tete-a-tete with a horrid overgrown, red-haired girl, without having it supposed you are in love with her. Where *is* Bingle?"

"He went out with Flatts to buy rolls and a boiled lobster. He'll be back presently. I invited him to stay to dinner, but it won't be worth while to cane him. I understood how it was about the girl, but it is evident he thinks you are done for. By-the-way that must have been a rich affair of his. I would have given something to have seen him worshipping at the feet of the venerable and respected Miss Larringdon."

"What! has he told you about that, too?" I asked, laughing.

"Certainly, he opened his heart as a Hebrew peddler would his box of jewelry, and set forth all its contents for my inspection, and by all that's funny! I never envied one so much as I did you for the huge sport you must have had with the poet."

"You would have enjoyed it if you had been there. I had a good deal of fun with him."

"You couldn't very well help it—he's such a jolly, verdant, soft hearted, soft headed chap; but have some coffee, Bingle and Flatts will be here with the rolls presently."

I needed no pressing and fell to work. In a few moments the absentees returned from their foraging expedition and laid their spoils before us.

"Are you rested, Guy?" Mr. Bingle asked, with an air of friendly solicitude. "By Jove! I thought your were going it pretty doosid strong last night, but I wasn't going to be in your way. You did the fair thing by me in that affair of mine, and I'm not the man, I hope, to forget that sort of thing."

"Your discretion did you great credit," the doctor said, looking up from a lobster claw that was just then occupying his attention.

"Bingle," I said, wrathfully, "if you ever intimate again that I have any feeling but absolute abhorrence for Miss Bottleworth, I'll throw you out of the window."

"Bless my soul! what do you mean?" the poet ejaculated, in unaffected consternation. "You've a doosid unpleasant way of flaring up lately. I'm sure I thought you cherished sentiments of the fondest affection for the young lady; but if I was mistaken, you have no reason to be vexed about it."

"That's so, Bingle," the doctor said. "Between you and I, I believe Miss Bottleworth jilted him, which of course would account for his being so sensitive. His version of the story don't sound very credible to me, but we must not be *too* hard—blighted affection, you know."

"If that is the state of the case he shall have my heartfelt sympathy. I know by experience what hopeless love is, and I tell you its doosid disagreeable."

"I have always supposed it was," the doctor continued, rising from the table; "and now, Mr. Bingle, will you have the kindness to excuse us a little while? I have some exceedingly important business to talk over with Guy in my office. Make yourself perfectly at home. We shall not be detained beyond an hour or two at farthest."

"Certainly, doctor, and don't hurry on my account. I can get along here very well with Mr. Flatts and the lobster;" and we passed out, leaving the poet still busy with the edibles.

"Now for a good old fashioned talk," the doctor said, as he filled his pipe and leaned back in his easy chair. "It seems like an age since I've seen you. So you had a good time, on the whole."

"Rather—but let that go, and tell me how you have been amusing yourself."

"After the old sort. I've been pretty busy. Mrs. Spragg, good old soul! has been sounding my praises to so much purpose among her acquaintance, that I have a dozen patients, more or less, and begin to think I shall really build up a practice."

"That's good news, certainly; but how progresses your affair with the daughter?"

An unmistakable shadow crossed the doctor's intellectual face as he replied, with a perceptible dash of melancholy, "I have made a fool of myself, Guy, and no mistake. I owe to Mrs. Spragg the little professional start I have made, and I am sincerely obliged to her for good-naturedly trying to do me all the good in her power; but I wish from my heart that instead of making a favorable impression upon her, I had incurred her displeasure the first time I set foot in her house, and that she had instructed Klaggit to turn me into the street. It would have saved me a deal of trouble that I see in prospect."

"You alarm me, Wedgewood! What has come to pass?"

"I should suppose you could guess. I have offered myself to the cream-candy girl."

"It is not possible she has refused you!"

"No, sir, it is not. On the contrary, she promptly accepted your humble servant, though I don't believe she cares for me with the little heart she has; but a lover who is respectable, if nothing more, was not to be despised, and here I am, bound by a promise of marriage to a girl in every way my inferior, and about as well fitted to be my companion as Bingle would be to write a history of England."

"It strikes me a change has come over the spirit of your dreams within a month. When I went away, you considered Spragg's daughter rather a desirable acquisition."

"Well, you needn't tell me of it, if I did," growled the doctor. "I admit that for a while I fancied it would be a very nice arrangement to marry a prospective fortune, even if it was encumbered with a stupid girl. I was almost discouraged about ever establishing myself professionally, and thought I might as well take a short cut to prosperity; besides, she didn't seem quite so hopeless at first, and was so evidently to be had for the asking, that I swallowed the bait, and now find to my sorrow that the hook it covered is uncomfortable."

"Wedgewood, I'm sorry for you," I said, and I spoke sincerely; and for some reason my thoughts momentarily wandered back a little way to a moonlight night, a romantic dell, and the bright face of Agnes Fairstar, and I felt a strong inclination to tell my friend that I too had ceased to think of a wife in the light of a letter of credit upon a responsible person, and of marriage as a convenient method for filling a collapsed purse, but I could not bring myself to speak of Agnes then, as I sat there talking over my pipe in such a free and easy way—much rather would I have spoken to him about her on some quiet Sunday evening while we were returning with softened hearts and holier emotions from the consecrated house of prayer.

"You have observed, have you not, my dear sir, that there are some ladies of your acquaintance of whom you can speak freely, without any particular compunctions of conscience, as you sit with your feet on your office table after dinner in an atmosphere of tobacco smoke, and there are others who have the rare faculty of enshrouding themselves and their names with such a halo of sacredness that to discuss them over your pipe or ale would seem an unpardonable sin against their delicacy.

The doctor mused for some moments in si-

lence and then continued:—"Yes, Guy, I have acted foolishly, to speak in the mildest manner. I knew when I entered into this engagement, that besides being silly and uneducated, the girl was of such vulgar origin that anything like passable refinement was utterly beyond her power to acquire; still I was weak enough to believe that the money she would one day inherit would make up for her deficiencies, and it was only after I had gained the prize that it fully dawned upon me what a price I had given for a worthless article. But there's no use in repining. I sought her of my own free will; asked her to marry me—she consented, and I must make the best of my bargain."

"But, doctor, would it not be the better and more honorable course to break off the engagement than to marry the girl, pretending that you loved her?"

"Thank you; but I never pretended to do anything of the sort. I can perpetrate any reasonable deception, if occasion requires, but that is beyond my assurance, and as far as that goes, I have acted fairly. I believe the entire Spragg family have been doing every thing in their power to help the thing along—at all events, I was favored with some pretty strong hints, first and last, as to what Samuel, Sr., would feel disposed to do when his daughter left him for a home of her own; so one evening, when mamma had considerately left me alone with the young lady, I opened the campaign something in this sentimental wise:—

"'Miss Spragg, I am a man of the world—poor, proud and ambitious, and I am of the opinion if we two should marry each other it might be mutually beneficial, so if you will take me just as I am, I will be kind and true to you, and love you as well as I can, though I must admit frankly that love is rather out of my line of business.'

"I suppose she had been reading 'Alonzo and Melissa,' or the 'Children of the Abbey,' and was up to the orthodox mode of receiving a proposal, if I was a little deficient in my part—at least her head was presently reposing on my white vest; and after she had cried a little, said she'd take me, and was sure I would eventually love her as she did me, and all that sort of thing, and then she disappeared and returned with mamma, who gave us her blessing. Then that interesting brother of hers presented himself, and observed to his sister that she had made a '*ten strike*;' and, to crown all, old Spragg dropped into my office next morning and put the climax to my ecstasy by assuring me that he regarded me in the light of a son."

"Your case is, indeed, hopeless," I said, sympathetically.

"Yes, I'm in for it, and no mistake. The girl is not bad hearted—and if she had been bred to habits of industry would have made a cozy enough wife for some such fellow as Bingle, and I must try and teach her something—get some of the nonsense out of her head; and perhaps if I am successful, we shall get on together after a fashion."

"I don't think I should like to run the risk," I said, gravely. "Every one, sooner or later, meets some person of the opposite sex in whom they feel that all absorbing interest commonly denominated love. Suppose you marry Spragg's daughter, and afterwards fall in love with some one else. Which would not be unlikely, if I understand human nature, that always wants something it shouldn't have."

"In that case, my boy, I shall adopt the French custom—console myself with a dose of carbonic acid gas—shuffle off this mortal coil, and leave you to write my obituary, in which I think I see myself mentioned as 'a young man of fine parts, who but for an unhappy attachment, might still be living an ornament to society and the profession of which he was a member;' and then as a recompense, you shall marry the widow and be a father to my children. There's the outline of a first-class romance for you. The next time you are in want of funds write it out and sell it to the *Daily Bumble Bee*. But let Spragg's daughter rest, and let's talk of something else, or I shall become as blue as a pansy. A song! Guy, a song! I'll come in with a bass that will make the windows rattle."

At that moment a heavy, precise step was heard on the landing, followed by the opening of my office door.

"There, you've a visitor, and our concert must be postponed," Wedgewood said. "Too bad!"

"The gentleman that gave you the doubloons is in the office, and would like to see you," Mr. Flatts said, looking in upon us.

"What, Wardwell?" cried the doctor, with animation. "By Jove! it will do me good to exchange a shot or two with the ironical old sinner. Can I go too, Guy? I belong to the firm, you know."

"Certainly—come along if you choose," I said; and we were presently standing in the presence of my first and only client.

"Good-afternoon, gentlemen," Mr. Wardwell began, in his half-humorous, half-satirical way, "I am really most happy to see you and to find you disengaged, which is such a rare occurrence."

"You are quite right, sir. We are commonly driven to death with business—both of us," the doctor said. "We talk of each taking two partners, a lady and gentleman, to relieve us of our fast accumulating burdens."

"A good idea, doctor, and *distinguished* men like you, will have no difficulty in obtaining the most eligible partners, masculine and feminine. You can doubtless select from an incredible number of aspirants for the honor."

"I should think so," Wedgewood answered, with unmoved gravity. "If you were to see them all congregated out here in Nassau street, you would suppose it was Charter election day, and our offices the polls."

"I've not the smallest doubt of it. In fact it sounds reasonable. Well, counsellor, you are not long in following me into town I see. How did you leave Elder Pewters and the rest of our Oak Hill friends?"

"They were in their usual health and spirits when I took my departure," I answered.

"I am immeasurably delighted to hear it. I intend to settle at Oak Hill and join the elder's church some of these days,—but I am forgetting my errand. Could you gentlemen possibly spare the time to dine with me at the Astor House to-morrow evening? We should call it supper, up in Vermont, where we eat our dinners at noon like Christians."

"We will endeavor to be there," Wedgewood said, "though I assure you we are compelled to decline scores of such invitations every day on account of the pressure of business."

"I can readily believe it, doctor, and shall esteem your acceptance of mine a correspondingly great honor. I will expect you at six. Good-afternoon—I'll not trespass longer on your valuable time, and thereupon Mr. Wardwell shouldered his cane and marched out.

"I can't understand that man," I said, as the door closed upon our visitor.

"Well I can," the doctor answered. "He's an uncommonly shrewd old gentleman, who has seen a great deal in his time, but would like to pass himself off for a rustic Vermonter, touchingly dependent on his niece for advice and guidance. Nature made him unbelieving, and having learned by observation and experience that humbug is one of the principal ingredients in the composition of the human family, his originally small stock of faith has become entirely exhausted, leaving him slightly satirical in his old age, still he is sociably disposed, and evidently inclined to cultivate a couple of young professional gentlemen in whom he has observed traits of character that for some reason please him; and finally he has some secret mission here in New York, and possibly thinks we may prove clever assistants by-and-by."

"You have intimated something of this once before, Wedgewood. Have you any idea of the nature of his secret mission?"

"Not the least—but you may depend upon it we shall have sooner or later, when he has studied his men a little more thoroughly."

CHAPTER XVI.

The business offices of Samuel Spragg, shipping merchant, stock speculator, and anything else whereby money was to be attained honestly, or—but it will not do to be over and above particular in this world where every man is for himself, and a certain disagreeable personage is said to have an eye to all—were located on Wall street just below Water.

They occupied the first floor of a frowning ancient building which looked as though it might have been built prior to the Revolution, and perhaps it was; and was moreover unpleasantly suggestive in external appearance of one of those charitable establishments where evil doers are lodged and boarded at the expense of the public.

The front or principal office, though somewhat musty, was a commodious apartment, containing three or four desks, whereat presided as many clerks, busy during business hours with the multifarious details of the several branches of industry in which their principal was engaged.

Behind this was a sort of crypt, unlighted save by an unhealthy jet of gas and the few rays of solar light that filtered through the ground glass-doors that opened out of it. In this pleasant retreat could be found at all times between nine o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon, a tall, shambling, bald-headed gentleman, with a hopelessly dazed expression, who looked as though he had been frightened out of his wits at some time, and was still groping about in the forlorn hope of finding them again. But notwithstanding his unprepossessing exterior, Seth Tortington, for such was his name, spoke, read, and wrote a dozen of the modern languages with fluency, and was moreover well and deeply read in the law. But he was one of those helpless creatures utterly unable to contend with the world, or turn his acquirements to any substantial account. But Samuel Spragg had found in him an auxiliary well worth retaining at the miserable pittance that served to keep poor Tortington's soul and body in copartnership, for his transactions extended into many countries, which as a natural consequence involved a correspondence in various tongues, besides he had a constitutional predilection for cruising along on that equatorial line that divides sharp dealing from absolute knavery; and it was exceedingly convenient to have a cheap and skillful lookout forward to keep the legal lead line going, and give him timely warning when it was expedient to put about; so there in his dismal den, Seth Tortington had sat for years, humbly pursuing his tasks, or in the intervals of labor, which were frequent enough, poring over two or three battered old law books or a file of worn foreign papers, holding no intercourse save such as was absolutely necessary with any one, having no crony or associate, and in brief seeming to live in a sort of mechanical way from sheer force of habit.

Behind the crypt was a small apartment, lighted by a dingy sky-light and one window, which latter commanded an unobstructed view of a dead wall, some six feet distant. This was the private office of the proprietor, and there he sat one afternoon, immersed in business and deep in the pursuit of gain.

Mr. Spragg was a little past fifty, but his face was deeply lined and wrinkled, though his hair, which was still heavy, scarcely showed a thread of silver. He was about the medium height, but a good deal bowed, as though from long bending over desks and account books. His eyes were unpleasantly close together, and his nose was long, curving upwards over his large mouth like a Turkish cimetar, just raised to strike, and upon the whole his face reminded one unaccountably of a *shark*, for although it usually wore a smile intended to be affable, and he preserved a manner of off-hand cordiality, there was a metallic hardness at the bottom of his heartiest laugh, and his smile so effectually completed the resemblance to the voracious Ishmael of the sea, that the person who beheld it for the first time was generally conscious of a vague apprehension that he would presently turn upon his back and snap him up at a mouthful.

Mr. Spragg had been the unassisted architect of his own fortune, and he was fond of announcing the fact, though it was unnecessary, for he showed it in his lined face and bent figure; and his manner, ostentatiously regardless of those social conventionalities that indicate the gentleman by birth and education, said as plainly as any words of his could do that he had sprung from the ranks.

It was a favorite theory with Mr. Spragg that it was entirely optional with every one to be successful or the reverse in any avocation he saw fit to adopt. "My dear sir, there's no such word as luck," he was in the habit of saying, with his most sharkish smile, when a delinquent debtor pleaded misfortune in extenuation of his short-comings, and wasted his breath in an appeal to what Samuel Spragg never had—a heart. "A man is lucky or unlucky, just in proportion as he is energetic, enterprising and wide awake. Thirty years ago I began the world, round on Beaver street, on two hundred a year, and do you mean to tell me that it is owing to luck that I am where I am to-day? Nonsense! I worked early and late, and attended to business and nothing else, and kept both eyes open. That's the way your lucky men come by their luck."

Upon this fruitful theme Mr. Spragg had been discoursing to one of his tenants, a pale, care-worn man, who had just got out after a protracted illness, and had called in the hope of obtaining a few weeks' grace in the payment of his rent; and as he could not be considered inexcusably blameable for contracting the disease that had thrown him out of employ, there did seem some show of reason in his petition, which, however, was met with such arguments as the foregoing, and the poor man turned away sorrowfully to seek another place in which to lay his head.

As the disappointed tenant withdrew the messenger entered with the afternoon's mail, which he laid on his principal's desk and retired. One letter, bearing the London post-mark, caught Mr. Spragg's eye. He opened it, glanced at the contents and rang the bell.

The chief clerk responded.

"How much additional insurance did you effect on the Neptune this morning?" he asked abruptly. "She is two weeks over-due, you know."

"Not any, sir. I was just coming to report when you rang. While I was talking at the insurance office an old man, who had followed me in, took it upon himself to remark that he had returned from abroad by to-day's steamer, and was under the impression that a ship of the name I mentioned had been wrecked in the Bay of Biscay on the third, so of course they declined to do anything."

"Deuce take his interference!" Mr. Spragg muttered, partly to himself and partly to his attendant. "The ship was only insured for a nominal sum. She is lost, and I am poorer by at least fifty thousand dollars."

Mr. Spragg took up his hat and went out. As he passed down the steps he jostled against an old man, with long white hair and beard, who stood upon the lower step, contemplating the sign upon which his name figured, and composedly taking snuff from a large tortoise shell box. The oddity of his whole appearance induced the merchant to bestow upon him a second glance, but the other paid no heed to his scrutiny, and with an inward curse at the uncomfortable feeling the *rencontre* had unaccountably generated in his mind, he walked on, crossed the street and stopped before the "Journal of Commerce" bulletin, upon which, as he had anticipated, was already displayed a condensed account of the marine disaster by which he had lost so heavily. He glanced over the statement, and was on the point of turning to retrace his steps, when he felt a touch on his shoulder. He looked round, and came face to face with the elderly gentleman he had encountered but a moment before, who stood behind him with a pair of huge spectacles on his nose, seemingly as intent on reading the bulletin as he had lately been in examining the other's sign, and still relieving his researches by copious pinches of snuff from the tortoise shell box.

"Did you wish to speak with me?" Mr. Spragg said, more testily than was his wont. "If you do, I must trouble you to be quick about it."

"*I* wish to speak with you!" the stranger answered, regarding him with an amazed expression. "What could have induced you to suppose anything so preposterous?"

"Why, I thought you touched me, and—"

"And because a person happened to touch you in the crowd of Wall street, you imagine he wished to speak with you. Really, Spragg, your wits are wool gathering."

"You have the advantage of me," the merchant said, feeling strangely uncomfortable, though he could not have told why. "I do not recollect ever seeing you before."

"It is something so rare for a man to get the advantage of *you*, that if I have been so fortunate as to do so I will amuse myself by keeping it. I was pleased to learn to day that you had met with a loss. Was it heavy, Spragg?"

"You are inclined to be facetious, sir; but if it really would afford you pleasure to hear of a stranger's loss, I can inform you that what the bulletin says is quite correct, and probably fifty thousand dollars would not make me good. A large amount to some men, but fortunately it will not particularly inconvenience me."

"But you may have others, Spragg; you may have others. I hope so, and should they occur, be sure I will be on hand to congratulate you."

"The devil you will!" Mr. Spragg said, eyeing the stranger apprehensively. "Who you are, I neither know nor care, but if you cross my path again I shall feel strongly inclined to kick you."

"Strongly inclined, I don't doubt, Spragg, but you won't do it—depend upon it, you won't do it. Good afternoon."

The stranger moved away, leaving Mr. Spragg exceedingly mystified, and it must be confessed a little nervous. He tried to recall the time and place where he had met the man before, but without success. His features were strange—his voice and manner unfamiliar, yet for some inexplicable reason the meeting with him recalled a certain transaction in his life whereby he had acquired by one master stroke half the fortune he possessed; but there were certain legal consequences attendant upon that species of financiering which he never liked to think about, or the fact that such transactions are provokingly apt to come to light at inauspicious moments. Still it was altogether improbable that this stranger who had accosted him in such a singular way could be directly or indirectly interested in that affair. So reassured, though still feeling somewhat uncomfortable, he walked back to his office, where a neat single carriage, with a coachman in livery, was in waiting to take him home to dinner.

The care lines on Mr. Spragg's forehead deepened as he rode homeward that afternoon, thinking of his loss and how to remedy it, and as he alighted at the ostentatious residence on Fourteenth street, of which he was master, another surprise awaited him, for there, standing on the pavement, glancing up at his residence, was the mysterious stranger, complacently taking snuff from his tortoise shell box, apparently unconscious of his existence.

It was certainly audacious for the man so soon to throw himself in the way of the great merchant, who had threatened him with personal chastisement, but Mr. Spragg, although surprised, angry and apprehensive, was strangely disinclined to molest him, and even deemed it best to enter his house without seeming to notice the obtrusive presence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A few days since, a gentleman called upon some lady friends, and was shown into the parlor by a servant girl. She asked him what name she should announce, and he wishing to take them by surprise, replied, "Amicus," (a friend.) The girl seemed at first a little puzzled, but quickly regained her composure, and in the blandest manner possible, observed, "What kind of a case did you say, sir?" The visitor was embarrassed for a moment, but recovering, handed her his card, and vowed never again to use Latin to a servant girl.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year, - - - - - $2,50
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Four copies, " - - - - - - 8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club, 16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club, 35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND, - - - - - 4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

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No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

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We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

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EMERSON BENNETT'S NEW STORY.

In our next paper, that of July 7th, we design commencing a new story by Emerson Bennett, called:

THE WHITE SLAVE;

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

The many admirers of Mr. Bennett will find this story, though somewhat different, fully equal in romance and interest to "The Phantom of the Forest."

It will probably be about four months in running through THE POST.

In addition, after completing that amusing serial, "THE MUTUAL CONSOLATION SOCIETY," and the fine story of "ADRIANA," we have other stories of great interest to lay before our readers.

As Mr. Bennett's story will commence in the first number of July, new subscribers wishing to procure it, can do so if they choose, by simply subscribing for the last six months of the year. Price $1,25 for six months; or for THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND (each six months) $2.00.

As we may possibly run out of the early numbers of this story, as we did out of those of "The Phantom of the Forest," we should like new subscribers who are particularly desirous of reading "The White Slave," to send in their names as early as possible.

A JOINT INTEREST.

The ingenuity of American workmen is only equalled by their carelessness. If you wish to make general repairs in your dwelling, the greatest care has to be exercised to prevent one class of workmen from injuring what has previously been done by another class. Your paperers will injure your paint, or your painters injure your fresh paper—while both will spit tobacco-juice over your floors, and possibly even over their own work.

And then, unless you are very careful, you will continually have things done differently from what you desire. And the thing once done, it is generally very difficult to undo it. On the whole, the result of our experience is, that if you want a certain alteration or improvement made, you should 1st. Procure a good workman. 2. Tell him exactly what you wish done. And 3. Stand by him all the time, and see that he does it.

Now the cause of all this is very evident—it is Carelessness. Work in this country is generally to be had for the asking, and a mechanic values his place, and his employer's good word, very little. And thus we find that you always get the poorest work when workmen are in the greatest demand, and wages are highest.

Bayard Taylor says in one of his lectures, that the workmen of the continent of Europe are much more careful and faithful than our American workmen. If so, the reason is evident—wages are lower, work more difficult to get, and the employer's recommendation more important.

Even in Europe, however, workmen are not so careful and earnest as they might be. And, of late, a system to rectify this has been proposed, and in a few cases tried, and, it is said, with excellent results. The plan is to give the workmen a joint interest, by securing to them a portion besides the regular wages, of the profit accruing to the enterprise, over and above a certain percentage secured to capital.

For instance, a company, Greening & Co. of Manchester, wireworkers, bound themselves under a trust deed, that after dividing fifteen per cent. upon their capital they would divide the surplus, whatever that might be, as a bonus among the workmen. The London *Spectator* describes the success of this experiment:—

"The first result was a sudden decrease in waste, the men not seeing why they should waste their own property; and waste is perhaps, next to bad debts, the greatest source of manufacturing loss. The next was an immense advance in the pace of the work done, the men putting their hearts into it as hired people will not do, and scolding each other for neglect, as if each man were overseer. The last was a great increase of orders, every man employed being as anxious to obtain work, and profitable work, or, as himself expressed it, to 'carry some'at to bonus,' as if he had been the sole master. The result was a first dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum, and four or five per cent. over for division among the men."

The same plan has, it appears, been adopted in some of the English collieries, and with so good an effect that we advise the coal operators of our own state, who have been so long at bitter variance with their men, to try what this "industrial partnership" will do to reconcile feuds from which all parties declare themselves to suffer. The account from which we quote says:—

"Still greater results have followed the adoption of the same system in the Whitwood Collieries. There, what with strikes, contests, and carelessness among the men, dividends had sunk to four per cent. when Mr. Briggs, the lessee, introduced co-operation, and amid inexplicable distrust *raised the dividend in three years to ten per cent.* A really able man, he actually had to force his men into a system in which they did not believe, not seeing a whole year ahead; and now the one difficulty is to soothe the wrath of those who in their ignorant prejudice rejected the offered boon. One person, who was under the old system accustomed to lecture against the lessee as the 'Prince of Devils,' is now a keen supporter of that lessee's 'new-fangled' idea."

It seems to us, that not only as a remedy for carelessness and inattention, but for strikes, and many other disputes between the employer and the employed, this movement in England is well worthy the attention of the employers of America. Whatever tends to make the interest of the employer and the employed the same, must be promotive of their mutual welfare. And if the practical workings of such a plan should be at all what has been described, which of course could only be determined by trial, it might prove a panacea for many of the evils which now disturb the industrial relations of our present system of society.

THE TREASURY POLICY.

We think there is a great deal of good sense in the following paragraph from a recent money article of the *New York Tribune*:—

"According to Secretary McCulloch, he has sold since January 1, 1866, $50,495,000 in gold—a sum equal to the annual interest on $840,000,000 of six per cent. gold-bearing bonds. If instead of "bulling" existing Government stocks, and making one million of dollars, the Department had issued $800,000,000 of 40-year six per cent. bonds, and offered them in exchange for legal-tenders, compound certificates and temporary loans, the currency would now be in a sounder condition, the Treasury Department upon an easier footing, gold cheaper, and the industrial pursuits of the country more profitably employed. A great blunder has been made in entertaining the idea that the enormous cost of the rebellion could be funded into a long five per cent. bond in a country where people in active business scramble for capital at 8 to 12 per cent. The sooner this idea is dismissed the better, if specie payments are intended by the Department. The five per cent. capitalists being out of the market, the sooner the six per cent. people are appealed to the better, if Mr. McCulloch would spare himself the trouble of paying in currency the maturing compounds and 7,30 notes."

We think it is about time that the currency was made to approximate a little nearer to the specie basis. And the only way to do that is by steadily reducing its volume.

TRICHINIASIS IN IOWA.

A number of cases of sickness and several deaths have recently occurred in Marion, Linn county, Iowa, from eating raw ham, made from hogs which had been afflicted with the "hog cholera," though afterwards supposed to be cured. A correspondent of the *Chicago Times* says:—

"A *post mortem* was held over the body of the first that died, and a portion of the muscle from different parts of the body were obtained and thoroughly examined with the microscope by all the doctors of Marion and several of Cedar Rapids and Chicago who found the parasite in large numbers, variously estimated, by different ones on different pieces of muscle, to contain from 180,000 to 261,000 to the square cubic inch. The inference is clear, then, that 'hog cholera' in the hog is the same disease as trichiniasis in man, and that, if man eats the raw flesh of swine infected with cholera, he will have trichiniasis, and if the hog should eat a portion of the muscle of a man infected with trichinæ, the hog would be taken with 'hog cholera;' or, in other words, it is the same disease."

OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. Jos. Corey, of Almond, N. Y., says in a recent letter:—

"I have taken THE POST between thirty and forty years, and I want it as long as I live."

Mr. A. L. Henderson, of Lancaster county, Penna., says:—

"Recently I observed in your paper that two of your subscribers had taken THE POST for the last 33 and 40 years, respectively, and thought themselves very old subscribers;—true. But it seems I am ahead of either. I became a subscriber for THE POST on the 14th of February, 1822, and have taken it ever since, as by the records of your office will appear."

We think both of these gentlemen belong to the "Old Guard." Mr. Henderson is certainly among the oldest of our old subscribers.

RAILROAD NUISANCES.

Railroad travelling, as it now exists, is a disgrace to the scientific ingenuity of the age. It might be an almost unalloyed pleasure. It is, especially in the summer, with its dust, and smoke, and cinders, a small installment of tophet. We hear a great deal of Yankee ingenuity—but no Yankee has been able to abate these nuisances. Burn wood or bituminous coal, and you always have them in full force—and, in the case of the coal, with the addition of an intolerable smell, and perhaps of an even more intolerable occasional noise. We think at least one Yankee should be smoked, dusted, cindered and choked to death weekly, until some remedy should be found for all these nuisances. It can be done, of course, and should be.

The burning of peat, it is said, will insure the absence of smoke and cinders—and at least one road is trying peat. We see it stated that the New Haven, Hartford and Springfield road is "making its own peat." How that is done we know not—we always supposed that peat was, like coal, one of nature's great manufactures, that could not easily be imitated on a small scale. But the New Haven Journal is reported as saying that "the whole distance to Springfield and return consumed but about twelve hundred weight of peat. In the generation of steam, it far exceeded either wood or coal, and even while running at the greatest speed, so rapidly did it gain, that the furnace door had to be thrown open. The last six miles of the return trip were made without using a particle of fuel. One great consideration, which will be hailed with joy by the travelling public, is the entire absence of smoke or cinders, the whole substance burning to ashes. The engine, on its return, was apparently as free from cinders as when it first started out."

Good for peat! But can peat be made easily and everywhere—and will it pay? If so, dust is the only nuisance that will have to be provided for by our doomed Yankee inventor. Let him "down with the dust"—or take the consequences.

NATIONAL BANKS.

The First National Bank of New York city has just made a semi-annual dividend of ten per cent., and added ten per cent. more to its surplus, and has left in profit and loss account eleven per cent. more on its capital.

We do not see exactly how that much profit is made—but we do see this: A bank has, say, $100,000 capital. It invests that $100,000 in Government securities, and gets over seven per cent. interest. It then gets, say, $80,000 of national bank notes, which it loans out at seven per cent. a year. Getting thus, say, $7,000 interest from the United States, and at least $5,600 more from those to whom it lends its notes, making in all an interest of over twelve per cent. on its capital.

Then it has its deposits, (including the Government deposits with which it may be generously favored) to loan to its customers, and makes another pretty penny here. Certainly a beautiful system this—for bankers. Other smaller men loan their $5,000 perhaps to the Government, and get their seven to eight per cent. interest; but the banker loans his money, and gets at the least twelve—and perhaps forty! But then, you know, it is all according to Scripture—"To him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken away, even the little that he hath."

NEW MUSIC.

We have received the following from W. H. Boner & Co., 1102 Chestnut street, Philadelphia:—

"PARTED FROM THEE," by Geo. Matska.

"THE REBECCA WALTZ." Dedicated to Col. Alexander, by Benja. Franklin.

"FAIRY WALTZES," by A. S. Schlichter.

☞ Little "Mame" was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when the following ensued:—Mame—"Mamma, will you go to Heaven when you die?" Mamma—"Yes, I hope so, child." Mame—"Well, mamma, I hope I'll go too, or you'll be so lonesome." Mamma—"Oh, I hope your papa will go too." Mame—"Oh, no, papa can't go; he can't leave the store." Mamma thought she had a good one on papa, as he can't often "leave the store" to go to prayer-meeting, &c.

☞ When Haddix's wife kicked him out of bed, says he—"See here, now! you better not do that again. If you do, it will cause a coolness."

☞ There are a great many laughable things happen upon the old earth, but she always keeps her gravity.

☞ Be true to your friend; never speak of his faults to another to show your own discrimination.

☞ The Ladies—May their virtue exceed even the magnitude of their skirts, while their faults are even smaller than their bonnets.

☞ Prof. Agassiz, with his wife, have arrived at Rio Janeiro, from the valley of the Amazon, and at a lecture given by him the Imperial family were in attendance.

☞ Every human being has some handle by which he may be lifted, some groove in which he was meant to run; and the great work of life, so far as our relations with each other are concerned, is to lift each one by his own proper handle, and run each one in his own proper groove.

☞ A Boston paper has a report that a clerk in one of the wholesale stores in that city has lately been afflicted with a painful breaking out on the neck, which he first attributed to boils, but a physician being called, the patient was informed that he was suffering from the poisonous properties of articles used in the preparation of his enamelled paper collars, which had been absorbed into his system.

☞ Frezzolini is singing at Milan in Lucia. A critic there objects to the Scottish cavaliers at Ashton Castle wearing, during the marriage festivities of Lucia, the Turkish trowsers they wore the night before (in Lombardi) near the walls of Antioch.

☞ Visitors to Niagara Falls will regard it as among the wonders of the place that the hackman nuisance has been abated, and that no carriage drivers are allowed to solicit patronage. The hotel keepers have now the control of the carriage business.

☞ A western editor, fresh from the reading of Gray's Elegy, penned the following:

"These hoops are like the poet Gray—
This you at once can see;
For they, as Gray did, show the world
A handsome L-E-G."

☞ After all, there are only two sorts of disease, says a French doctor—one of which you die, and the other of which you don't.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A PACIFIC DINNER PARTY—THERE SHE BLOWS—A HURRIED FAREWELL—MAS-A-FUERO—FAIRY LAND—FRUITS, BIRDS AND FLOWERS—CHRISTENINGS—ST. AMBROSE ISLAND.

Five miles off the land, the island of Mas-a-Fuero bearing due North, the brave old "blubber-hunter" Junior hove to, the jaunty, coquettish Esmeralda came by the wind with her maintopsail aback also—a soft whispering summer breeze just curling and crisping the surface into tiny, laughing wavelets, the vast Pacific lay fast asleep, slumbering as quietly as a rocked infant—as lovely a day as ever heaven's sun shone down upon.

Dipping three times their broad ensigns in friendly salute and courteous adieus, the other two whale-killers stood on their way towards the Sandwich Islands, leaving us of the Esmeralda and Junior to a more social reunion and final separation.

Down came the five boats of the Nantucket ranger, their crews in cleanest, reddest quilted shirts, shining tarpaulins, and white, spotless "ducks," our party, including Capt. Marsden and his Chilce wife, embarked, the jolly Juniors manned the yards, and cheered bravely as we dropped in alongside.

In an hour the whole party were down at a long table extemporized on deck, and extending from main to mizzen mast, covered with an unrolled bolt of clean ravens duck—not that *ravens* duck is as black as a raven by any means. That is only the technical term. The cloth or canvas being a hempen fabric woven for a ship's lightest sails, and the color of good brown table linen. The table being bountifully loaded with all good things that a blubber-hunter ever lays in for a three year's cruise, with an addition of such fresh fare as had been taken at Crusoe Land, and the cooking as capital as any hotel table ever presented to hungry guests, it is probable the bridal dinner of Capt. Wilmer, the ex-boat steerer Sanford, and their pretty, fascinating Talouhuano wives might have run on through three hours of eating, drinking and universal hilarity, but just as we had got fairly into the wine, toasts, compliments and hilarity *ad libitum*, there came a sudden interruption, confusion, revolution, and total dissolution of all Pacific hospitalities.

Tusant Masonville, our genial, generous, *habitan voyageur*, was afoot tangling murdered English, Canadian French, and Chileno Spanish altogether into an enthusiastic complimentary speech to Dona Pauletta, when he was shut off short in a second by a lusty, long-drawn out hail coming down from the "crow's nest" at the fore:—

T-h-e-r-e—s-h-e—BLOWS!

Put back the northern blast—stop in its mad march the howling thunder-gust—extinguish Vesuvius with a wetted sponge—hush to quiet a woman's tongue when a woman wills it to wag; attempt all impossibilities; except to hold in quiet order a roving Pacific red shirt when there comes from the lookout aloft, the exciting, maddening call of—*There—she*—BLOWS! A mountain piled upon him would scarcely hold him quiet.

To any one who had never seen the various boats crews and officers mustering to battle with John Whale, there was in three seconds on board the Junior such seeming confusion that chaos were order to it. And yet, beyond some hurry and hasty leave-taking at the table, there was no atom of real confusion on the part of the whale-killers. It was only an exhibition of most admirable discipline, and nautical dexterity.

At the table, before the lookout aloft had come to "*blows*" in his drawn-out cry, Capt. Wilmer had tossed off his glass of wine at a single gulp, and shut off Tusant's eloquence with a startling:

"Hah! Ho—ho! By the lee lifts! Here we have them, Sperms, Mr. Mason. O! just look. There they are—lazy lying by for the irons. A fish apiece for us. Hurrah!"

"*Marida caro mio*—" began to plead Dona Elina, frightened at the idea of her husband's going off after such monsters, and certainly as she saw the event, getting killed.

"*Fas favor caro*—" began to coax the little beauty bride, Dona Pauletta, putting up her arms and trying to tangle her captain husband round the neck and hold him back from the whales.

Sandford kissed his bride, patted her pale cheek, whispered in her ear:—"*Esen noda caro*—be back in an hour—a hundred barrels of oil. Hurrah!" slid out of her desperate embrace, and was off to the port-waist-boat like a shot.

Wilmer sang out:—"*Cali boca caro*," enforcing the command—shut your mouth, love—by a loving application of his own lips, and then made his adieus to us in this fashion:

"Confound the whales! Sorry to leave you this way, ladies and gentlemen—can't help it—mustn't loose all that sperm oil. Ten thousand dollars there for us. See you again some day on the other side of the world. Good-by. *Adios caro mio.*" Another taste of the sweet lips, and Capt. Wilmer was off on a run, and into the starboard quarter-boat. In ten seconds followed the rapid orders, echoed back from the officers in command of four other boats:

"Hoist—swing! *Lower—lower—lower!*"

Down go the five boats simultaneously, every tackle is unhooked at the same instant, out flash the five oars, and away drive the eager whale-killers down upon a dozen or so sperm monsters, rolling, plunging, and spouting in a lazy whale-frolic, three miles away to the southward.

Thus abruptly terminated our Pacific dinner party, and after quieting the apprehensions of the pretty Spanish brides by the positive assurance that such wide-awake whale-killers as their husbands never came to grief from the flukes of John Whale, we took a more leisurely farewell, and pulled home to the Esmeralda.

There was nothing in the bare, brown, scoriæ-scorched surface of the rugged knob rising lone and desolate from the bosom of the Pacific to invite closer companionship, and it was almost half our determination to turn our backs upon it without landing. But then we had run across that we might know by personal observation what to say of Mas-a-Fuero in case of the inquiry ever being made of us as to what we knew of it.

It was a mistake, and time thrown away after all; for after having circumnavigated the island, and found on the north-east side a shallow indentation or bay in which in moderate weather there was tolerable safe anchorage, and going ashore, and exploring—scrambling over hot volcanic debris, scaling rugged, rocky acclivities, that had once been molten lava, jagged, and broken into abrupt fissures, black ravines, and yawning chasms, the surface everywhere clad in a defiant growth of brown stunted cactus armed with belligerent thorns that pricked, provoked, and tore our clothing ruinously—finding nothing of animal life beyond some great red spiders as vicious as the cactus, and millions of disgusting pale yellow beetles with black heads biting at night like rat terriers, we retreated to the ship at the end of the day's observation satisfied by our day's experience that Mas-a-Fuero possessed no internal charms to tempt more intimate companionship, and that here of all other places we had ever seen, the motto—"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," was most strikingly verified. So it being a beautiful bright night, with the moon at full, and the gentle breeze at south-west fair, we got up our anchor, made sail, and bore away towards the islands of St. Felix.

Three days and nights of very lovely, very lazy Pacific sailing, and then five days more of sailing in between and all round the St. Felix sisters, as unlike sisters or even sixteenth cousins as ever islands or anything else in this world can be. The western island—St. Felix proper—is so exactly a copy of its scorched cactus-covered southern neighbor, Mas-a-Fuero, that we concluded not to aggravate unfavorable impressions by closer investigations, satisfied that the best possible view was at spy-glass range.

But with St. Ambrose, lying about thirty miles to the eastward, our acquaintance was much more intimate and agreeable. On the western side we found a snug, almost land-locked little bay, affording capital anchorage, a secure harbor, and excellent landing on a smooth, semi-circular sand beach, on which the subdued Pacific swell broke only in laughing ripples. Opening back from the beach by a gentle upward slope was a most magnificent glade, dotted at intervals with wide branching, low growing trees, standing singly, their broad, bright green, fan-like foliage always restless and quivering in every stirring breath of air, like the aspen or our North American silver poplar. Then there were groups of shrubs bearing a profusion of beautiful, variegated and delightfully odorous flowers, filling all the atmosphere, even off to our anchorage, with an Eden-like aroma. Perfecting the charm of the lovely vale, there were here and there groups of tropical fruit trees, bearing profusely, much of the fruit ripe, luscious and inviting—symmetrical shrubs, with foliage like the rose, and red, ruby fruit, hanging in clusters like grapes, in form, perfume and taste like the "lady finger" strawberry. Then, to complete and make almost perfect the scene of fairy enchantment, there were birds of bright plumage—crimson and blue and gold, in size, form and habits like the robin of the United States, and in song a mingling of the mocking bird and oriole. Down a rugged, picturesque ravine on the right of the glade, flashed and sparkled a leaping brook of pure, cool, crystal water, while on the left a tiny salt water estuary thrust itself a quarter of a mile inland, both its low banks fringed and overhung with flowering shrubs and fruit-ladened trees.

What a perfect paradisal picture—the more beautiful, ten times more appreciated, because coming before us so unexpectedly. What a contrast between it and the scorched, desolate, barren St. Felix which we had so lately left!

During the five hours first following our advent into the enchanting vale, our admiration and enthusiasm cropped out in divers directions. First practically, in gathering supplies of fruits and flowers, and bathing in the dashing miniature cascades, and then poetically, in listening to the sweet love-songs of the bright hued winged warblers, responding with voice, violin, guitar and flute, and winding up the afternoon's elysium with a bit of practical romance in reality—a general christening and Christian baptism of all the surroundings.

The lovely little harbor we named Angelo Bay, in honor of Capt. Marsden's Chilce angel. The magnificent glen we christened Edith Eden; the brook of cascades, Rio Pauletta; the gushing, delicious ruby berries became Kate O'Harra kisses; the superb little salt water estuary received the name of Minnie—*el Formosa*, after Madam Cosmo; a sparkling fountain was baptized *Aqua Dulce de Isabelita*, for our sweet, silver-voiced Senora Monteiro. And so we ran on through the list, until we had but one member of our party unhonored, one prominent object unchristened. These were our jolly, jovial *habitan*, and a lone, bare spire of hard gray rock standing sentry on an eminence away up where the remote corner of the romantic glen bent down and kissed with verdured lips the waters of the silvery cascade. So we bestowed upon the gray stone turret the title of "*El Pico Masonville*," and Tusant was delighted. He said:

"*Bueno*—ver well—by jollie-e—I like that myself. De Peak de Masonville shall stand always guard to look down on all—so much very beautiful friends, in this grand place *sax dames*."

In our three days' investigation of the interior of St. Ambrose, we found its natural features like that of Crusoe Land, only in all things modified—the surface more uniform, more fruitful, flowery, beautiful, more chaste and charming in all its features—no goats, pigs, poultry, dogs, cats, rats, not an animal of any kind, save a bright, pretty cream-colored bat, and those lovely winged warblers, nothing to disturb nature's harmony, or mar the primeval beauties of the landscape; and when at length we left the lovely ocean Eden isle, all in ecstasies with its many beauties, our Baltimore M. D. philosopher sighed like a blast furnace, and said thoughtfully:

"Ah! if one could only live on love and orioles, what a paradise were here. Cator, let us take to ourselves angels and return to St. Ambrose."

To which our salt sea-lion replied:

"I say, doctor, if you can find a couple of samples in this world that will forego bread and butter, shoes and stockings, and always keep their wings reasonably clipped, who will take us, I'll embark in the Eden enterprise."

"Wh-e-w!" and then a long drawn out whistle from the doctor; and so we sailed away from St. Ambrose.

☞ BASE BALL.—A game of base ball was played last week in this city, between the *fat* nine and *lean* nine of the Keystone Club, which drew a large number of spectators to the place. The united weight of the fat nine is 2,100, that of the lean nine about 1,100, yet notwithstanding the difference in size, so much in favor of the latter, the former were victorious. The quickness and skillfulness of the play exhibited by the large nine was a surprise to all who witnessed the game.

☞ The use of cotton is literally universal. Out of the 1,285,000,000 people in the world, 700,000,000 wear it exclusively, and all but 70,000,000 use it more or less.

The Nihilists.—A New Female Sect.

The *Te Deum* for the Czar, sung in the Russian church in the Faubourg de Roule, Paris, was attended by the *elite* of Russian society, all in full dress, and as magnificently adorned with jewels as for a presentation at court. The blaze of diamonds was something marvellous, and created great curiosity among some of the French spectators gathered there. But, in spite of the tremendous quantity of loyalty and diamonds displayed, none of their fair wearers attracted the same attention as that drawn toward two modest-looking young women who stood in the penumbra thrown by the projecting angle of the wall, beneath the archway at the entrance of the chapel. These two fair and beautiful strangers became the cynosure of all eyes, the *lionnes* of the assembly, the "*distraction*" which caused the universal gaze to wander from the priest at the altar and the wondrous singers of the choir. Their attitude, nevertheless, was humbled and reserved; they seemed to avoid rather than seek observation. Their costume was singular enough, however, to attract all the scrutiny they met with; the two fair heads cropped close; their attire a sort of compromise between the coat and trowsers of the male sex, with the most convenient portions of female costume. A jacket, descending low over the hips, and closed over the bosom by a row of large buttons, a short, very full petticoat of the same, and beneath, just apparent above the high boots of black, shining leather, full inexpressibles, not gathered in, but floating just above the knee, and displaying about an inch of the snow-white stocking formed their novel and singular attire. Each held in her hand a low, flat hat, with a large brim, and adorned with a cord and tassel. It was soon whispered through the chapel that these young ladies were the first specimens beheld in Western Europe of the new sect formed at St. Petersburg among the women there, and which has increased to such an alarming degree that the government is beginning to take umbrage. The ladies remain unmarried; they assume the cares and responsibilities of the male sex; work at all kinds of manual labor; go to the Bourse; transact every sort of mercantile business, according to the state of life in which they have been placed by Providence. The new sect is called that of the "Nihilists."

☞ PRIMITIVE SURGERY.—M. Gounod, the musical composer, who was making a new opera on the time-honored subject of Romeo and Juliet, has discontinued his labors in that direction, and is said to be "writing the history of Adam and Eve."

☞ The Detroit (Mich.) Advertiser in sponsor for the following: "About one year ago one of our business men visited New York city, and while there ordered a half dozen *cartes de visite* of himself, which he distributed among his friends in that place. A few days ago he was surprised to find one of the counterfeit resemblances in possession of the family cook. An investigation into the matter disclosed the fact that she had received it from a fortune teller in New York city, who advertised to forward a correct likeness of any young lady's future husband, all for the sum of fifty cents, which amount the cook had remitted, according to the advertisement, and received her employer's likeness in return."

☞ A young lady of Indianapolis, while at school contracted a bad habit, which she now finds it impossible to break off—that of chewing paper. Her parents buy it for her by the ream, and she consumes on an average a quire per week, rolling her paper ball under her tongue as a sweet morsel, and squirting the saliva about like an old salt. She is quite a connoisseur in the matter of paper, and evinces a decided preference for a certain pale blue unruled foolscap, which smells badly. Deprived of her paper for a day or two she becomes restless, distrait and melancholy, refuses to eat or be comforted, and is not herself till a fresh supply is procured. "How is Miss ——?" was inquired by a female friend the other day. "Not well," was the reply, "her paper does not agree with her."

☞ A French chemist, named Audiger, has discovered a new mode of embalming, which does away with the horrible profanation of the dead used in the old methods, and their ruinous cost. Mons. Audiger simply pours down the corpse's throat, twice, with an interval of thirty minutes between each glass, a tumbler full of his liquor. In three or four months the corpse becomes solid stone. The most satisfactory experiments (so at least they appear to be) have been made with this new method in the hospitals of Marseilles and Algiers. These hospitals were selected for experiment on account of the climate, which is more prone to hasten putrefaction than northern climates. The cost of this new method is only fifty dollars.

☞ BEWARE OF NEW POTATOES.—This favorite esculent contains a vegetable base of deleterious quality, called solanine, which is especially developed in the plant when it is shooting. Dr. Haaf has ascertained that solanine not only exists in a considerable proportion in the shoots, but in the tuber itself, and at two extreme periods of its existence, viz., when scarcely formed, and when very old, the skin containing more of it than the pulp. Hence people that chiefly live upon potatoes should beware of new ones, which are generally so highly prized as delicacies; they ought at least to be peeled, and rather boiled than fried, because water carries off a good deal of the solanine.—*London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

☞ At several houses in London and the suburbs, a small but neatly-printed card has been left under an envelope, bearing the following words:

"How naughty of Mrs. E.
To go astray with Mr. B."

As most individuals know some one whose name begins with B. or E., conjecture of course has been on the utmost stretch to know to whom the card applies; and where left with parties whose names begin with either of these initials, the receiving it has been very unpleasant. The author of the trick deserves a good trouncing.

☞ Gen. Lewis Cass died on the 15th, of softening of the brain.

☞ Mrs. Rogers, of Madison, Indiana, invited a dozen of her neighbors to tea last Sunday, and used arsenic, by mistake, instead of cream of tartar, to lighten the cake. Fortunately, too much of the poison had been taken, and no one died, though all were very sick.

☞ General Grant is in great demand for the fourth of July. He has been invited to visit ninety-six places, and is confidently expected at forty-five.

☞ A poor man who had been ill, on being asked by a gentleman whether he had taken a remedy, replied, "No, I aint taken any remedy, but I have taken lots of physic."

WHAT WE EAT.

BY PROFESSOR BLOT.

Oily fruit is not good as a food, and the less we eat of it the better. Vegetables are refreshing on account of the acid they contain, especially sorrel and tomatoes. A few dimes spent in sorrel, in the spring, will save many dollars in the shape of medicines or doctors' bill. Sorrel contains a great amount of oxalic acid. Some vegetables are softening, like the leek. A few are exciting and stimulating, like celery, water-cress and radishes. Water-cress is the greatest of anti-scorbutics.

Although I am so strongly in favor of much vegetable food in the spring and autumn, I am by no means an apostle of the vegetarian creed—Graham bread and like eccentricities. I pity persons of that persuasion, but have no wish to imitate them in spite of the proverb:

"First learn to pity, then embrace."

The mind has its diseases as well as the body, and I think vegetarianism is one of them. It is by practical experience that we learn what food is proper for us, and not by chemical analysis. Everything we eat, with the exception of salt, can be turned into charcoal; yet who can live on charcoal?

An experiment has been made by the great chemist, Magendie. He fed geese with gum only, and they died on the sixteenth day; he fed some upon starch only, and they died the twenty-fourth day; he fed others on boiled white of eggs, and they died the forty-sixth day; he fed others on the three kinds mixed together, and they fattened instead of dying. So we must vary our food as much as possible, in order to supply the waste of every part of our system.

In cooking vegetables, green vegetables, such as cabbage, spinach, etc., should be put into the water at its first boiling, with salt. Dry vegetables, like beans, peas, etc., should be put over the fire in cold, soft water, after having been soaked in luke-warm water—beans for twenty-four hours. Potatoes should be steamed, but never boiled. Steam with the skin on. Bear in mind that a potato must never be peeled; the part immediately under the skin contains the most nutriment. Cut out the germs or eyes, if any; if young and tender the skin can be taken off with a scrubbing brush; if old, scrape the skin off and then roast them. In selecting potatoes, remember the smaller the eye the better the potato. By cutting a piece from the thickest end, you can tell whether they are sound. They must be either white or pink, according to the kind. Always select beans without spots. Mushrooms should be selected with great care. It is better and safer never to use them when they are old; this can be told by the blackness of the comb underneath, before picking; when young it is of a pink color.

Milk and eggs partake of the nature of animal as well as vegetable food. Fish is less nutritious than meat, containing only twenty per cent. of nutritious matter, but ought to be partook of at least twice a week. It contains more phosphorous matter than any other food, and is very good to supply the waste of our system, especially of the brain. The brain of an idiot contains about one per cent. of phosphoric matter, while that of persons of sound intellects contains from two to two and one-half per cent. The brain of a maniac contains three and one-half per cent. We need have no fear, however, of losing our senses from eating too much fish. It supplies the waste, but does not augment the proportion of the phosphoric matter.—*Galaxy.*

☞ AVERAGE SIZED MEN.—It has been found that the inspiratory power of the lungs is greatest in men of five feet seven inches or five feet eight inches height, and decreases with greater proportion. It decreases proportionally, that is, to the weight of the body. As the air taken into the lungs is the fuel of the body, this of course is the true measure of vital power, and the fact that a man of five feet seven inches in height possesses more fuel in proportion to the amount of his muscular tissue, explains why light weights, like Tom Sayers, are able to stand up against men of apparently far greater power. This is the most enduring stature. The expiratory movement of the lungs is one-third stronger than the inspiratory, but the latter is the true measure of the *vis vitæ*.

☞ A CURIOUS CASE.—Some time ago a Liverpool firm (which has since failed) purchased abroad an extensive shipment of cotton, at the highest price of the market at the time. The cotton was insured to its full value, but the ship on board which it was sent to England, although considerably overdue, has not arrived in England, and nothing has been heard of it. If the vessel is lost, the underwriters will have to pay the full value of the cotton at the time it was purchased, and the bankrupt firm will not only be able to pay up in full, but also to resume business. On the contrary, should the vessel and her cargo arrive in safety, the cotton will have to be sold at the present low rate, and the firm will be bankrupt.

☞ A NEW IDEA.—"Toilet Receptions" are the latest idea in New York fashionable society. Hair-dressing has become such an elaborate affair, and occupies so much time, that belles now receive their callers while under the hands of their maids. At present, their intimates only are admitted, but the sex is not limited, and gentlemen are also received by madame in the most charming of combing toilets, with the sweetest of smiles, and the prettiest of apologies for the situation.—*N. Y. Sun.*

☞ SATAN LOST.—A Herald advertising column contains this:—

$10 REWARD.—LOST, A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG, answering to the name of Satan. Any person finding the same will call at No. 1 East Fourth street, and receive the above reward.

We had thought it impossible for anything "answering to the name of Satan" to be lost in this city.—*New York Leader.*

☞ A rich man, by the name of Hopp, was recently tried in Chicago for the deliberate murder of his wife. He was acquitted on the plea of insanity. A motion was made to hold him in confinement as a lunatic, when the judge decided that he was insane only on the one subject of his wife's alleged infidelity, and as he had removed that cause of mental disturbance, he was a safe man in the community and must be discharged. Gentlemen whose wives have become an incumbrance will make a mem.

☞ As the wind bloweth with no obstruction through a waste, so the gassy man letteth off with great advantage among strangers.

UNDER THE PERSIMMON.

BY EMILIE LAWSON.

As the oak flames on the lawn,
I think of an Autumn gone,
An Indian Summer-time—the ripe October;
The forests were ablaze,
The blue sky all ahaze,
And only the fair fields turned brown and sober,

When cousin Madge and I—
Dear gipsy, sweet and sly,
Wandered across the fields—the fields of stubble;
The sun through red mists shone,
Looking as if 'twere blown
From a magician's pipe—a rosy bubble.

We sat beneath a tree,
"Oh, Harry dear," said she,
"What is that fruit o'erhead so ripe and yellow!
Pray climb and pluck me some!"
I answered "'Tis a plum
Of a most luscious flavor, sweet and mellow."

Then up the tree I sped,
And showered about her head
This sour false fruit—false fruit that looked delicious.
She took one little bite—
Oh, the exquisite spite
That shook her dainty fist, so small—so vicious!

She shook that fist at me;
I cried, from up the tree,
"Sweetheart! sweetheart! I very well remember
The purple plums I ate—
Purple and delicate,
From this same tree—and only last December.

"Could it have been the snow?
Oh, dearest, don't frown so!
Was it the frost or snow that made them sweeter,
As hearts in sharp distress
Lose half their bitterness,
Finding in woe a faith and hope completer."

I think I see her yet,
Her sweet mouth in a pet,
All puckered up with anger and persimmon;
I tried to moralize,
She scorned me with those eyes—
Those eyes that made her peerless among women.

Then down the tree I came,
Called coaxingly her name;
She stormed at first, then sobbed, and called me cruel,
And mentioned a great guy
That loved her more than I—
At which I hinted mildly of a duel.

And then there comes a mist,
In which I think we kissed—
It seems quite real, yet very, very dreamy;
A dream of red wine floods,
Of spicy scarlet buds,
And tropic blossoms soft and bland and creamy.

Time gliding as a boat
On pearly ponds afloat—
A heaven of heavens—her tender love its portal;
Oh beautiful strange dream,
How far its pictures seem,
For I am desolate, and she immortal.

All left to my despair
This flake of dusky hair,
And wild vine tendrils o'er a low grave groping;
Where, at her fast shut door,
Shut from me evermore,
Was ended all my dreaming—all my hoping.
—*Californian.*

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER VIII.

The old nurse was dropping off to sleep in her chair; the wind whistled and shrieked round the house; the clock struck—one, two, three.

There came a tap at the nursery door.

"May I come in?"

The old nurse half roused herself, but the effort was too great, and she closed her eyes more firmly than ever. Adriana, intent on her watch over Charley, heard nothing until a hand was laid upon her arm, and a voice beside her said:—

"Miss Linden."

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"You are killing yourself; go and get some rest. I will watch Charley. Let me see, what night is this?"

"I do not know."

"You cannot stand this; you must be tired."

"Tired!" repeated Adriana, with a slight intonation of contempt.

"Yes, tired," reiterated Mr. Etheredge, calmly. "Go, and I will watch."

"No."

"I can manage admirably; Charley is very fond of me."

The child moved uneasily on his pillow, and breathed convulsively. Mr. Etheredge instinctively stooped forward, and raised him; Charley lifted his feeble arm as if to push him back, and began to moan.

Adriana stood aside for a moment, and the child continued tossing about, stretching out his hands as if in search of some one, and still uttering a low wailing cry.

"Hush, darling, hush," said Adriana, smoothing the pillow, and laying her face down by his. The touch and tone seemed to have a soothing influence; the little hands dropped down, and the cry ceased.

"You see you can do nothing," said Adriana.

"But, Miss Linden, you will be worn out."

"Worn out; I am not even sleepy," and she raised her eyes steadily.

The large brown honest eyes! she must have been looking in that way when the picture was taken. Mr. Etheredge looked at her compassionately; she had never noticed any likeness between the half-brothers until that moment.

"Go, please, go; no one shall nurse Charley but myself," she said, impetuously.

Mr. Etheredge went. The lull of the voices roused the nurse.

"I was dreaming that the master was here."

"Mr. Etheredge has been here, wanting to take care of Charley."

"They're like and not like," continued the old nurse, absorbed in the musings that seemed to have been suggested by her dreams. "You've never seen the master, Miss Linden; a more lightsomer lad than Master Charles never trod the earth. Mr. Richard was always the steady one, as grave as a judge, or graver; but, I don't know how it is, they seem to have changed places. Master Charles is the quiet one now; Mr. Richard is more sprightly-like than he used to be. I don't know, but his voice sounds more like what Master Charles's did; it came into my dream, I think, and made me fancy that I heard the master."

"Have you lived long in the family?" asked Adriana, longing to hear more, yet afraid to ask any questions.

"I came here when Master Charles was a baby less than the little one yonder. Ah, how time slips away! The old nursery looks just as it did; yon is the very cot he used to sleep in, in the old times, when I sat watching him as we're watching little Master Charley now." And the old woman seemed relapsing into another dose.

"Won't you have a cup of tea, nurse?" said Adriana.

"Yes, and it will just refresh me, and keep me awake a bit; and you must lie down, and get a bit of sleep, Miss Linden."

"Presently, but I am not sleepy yet," answered Adriana, not knowing how to bring back the old woman to the broken train of thought she had been pursuing. It's four o'clock. Mrs. Braddick will want to know how Charley is; she has not been in since eleven."

"Ah, and Mrs. Braddick too. How days go by: it was a long engagement, from children almost, for Miss Margaret was here more than at her own home; and Mrs. Cunningham's heart was fixed upon it. It's seldom that people have things happen just as they wish; but it turned out just to her mind, and every one was so pleased there was not a soul but thought it was just as was best, and things don't often happen so that no one finds fault with them, and no one did with that wedding."

If the old nurse could have looked into her companion's heart at that moment her ramblings would have been cut short by very astonishment; but she saw nothing but a very pale face, with dark attentive eyes that seemed to invite her to go on. There is something fascinating in being listened to, and so the old woman evidently felt; she poked the fire complacently, sipped the cup of tea Adriana had poured out for her, then, slowly stirring the spoon round and round, she resumed:

"Mr. Charles was away for long together before his marriage; I don't know that he was ill when he was away or what, but he used to come home looking sad and sorrowful, and the more company Mrs. Cunningham used to get together to cheer him up, the worse it seemed to make him." Adriana's heart was beating half triumphantly. "And so at last," continued the nurse, "it came to be so dull whenever he came, that Mrs. Cunningham thought it must be that his marriage was as far off as ever; for you see, Miss Linden, he had not much of his own, it was all the mistress's; and so she said he should not have to wait, she would make it all over to him, and he must allow her so much a year out of it, for he was her favorite son, and she did not mind what she gave up for him. And like enough it was that he should be sorrowful, for Miss Margaret was a handsome young lady; there were few like her in the country. Mr. Charles said he could wait, and begged his mother not to do anything, but she knew him better than he knew himself: and so she had the lawyers, and it was all settled, and so there was no reason why they should not be married then." Adriana hid her face, and gave a half groan. Nurse Alison looked up in surprise and half alarm. "You are ill, I know you are, Miss Linden: do lie down."

"Not to-night; the danger will be over to-night. See, Charley's restless; and the doctor said everything depended on a quiet sleep."

The child tossed his arms about, moaning incessantly; his breathing was hurried, his cheeks were burning, he would not lie still in any position. Adriana lifted him out of the cot, threw a shawl round him, and took him in her arms. She rocked him gently, and sung in a soft low voice, and before long he was quietly asleep again.

"Put him into his cot, Miss Linden; you'll be wearied enough before he wakes."

"No, no, is will rouse him up if I move; just put something round me, for it is very cold."

The nurse folded a dark plaid carefully round Adriana, and placed a pillow behind her head.

"You're as white as a ghost, Miss Linden, and not much more substance either," said she, as she sat down on her own side of the fire again. Adriana closed her eyes, but not to sleep; she was only shutting out the present and driving back her thoughts into the long past. "Sad and sorrowful, sad and sorrowful," the words rang through her heart. It was a wild mournful cadence at first, rousing up bitter feelings; but as it went on, "sad and sorrowful, sad and sorrowful," the words ran into a soothing melody, like the gentle rippling of a stream, and calmed down the bitterness, and her heart was softened. He too might have had sorrow, regret perhaps, even remorse. "God forgive me!" burst from her lips. It was a first prayer she had uttered for many a day.

"Miss Linden, dear," said the old nurse. Adriana opened her eyes, and gazed dreamily at her.

"Oh, dear!" said the old woman, "she's wandering. Miss Linden?"

"Did I say anything, nurse?" asked Adriana.

"Forgive——" began Nurse Alison.

"Ah," said Adriana, "forgive!—why should I forgive? I have no one to forgive; the music was very pleasant."

"Dear, dear! I knew this would be the end of it," said the nurse. "Miss Linden, dear, you're dreaming; try to rouse up. The doctor's coming; I hear his ring, and Master Charley's in a sweet sleep. He's safe, Miss Linden; feel his little heart how quiet it beats, and his skin is moist, and all the scarlet flush is gone. Hark! he's coming up. Miss Linden, Miss Linden!"

Adriana was listening now, for as the footsteps approached, voices came too, and there was another voice beside the doctor's and Mr. Etheredge's; the door opened quickly but noiselessly, and a slight gentlemanly-looking man with sorrowful eyes bent over the sleeping child.

"Charley, my boy, my boy!"

"Safe!" murmured Adriana, placing the child in his father's arms.

"The master!" ejaculated the old nurse. "Master Charley's safe, sir."

"Safe," repeated the doctor, who had entered the room, "but here is another patient for me."

Adriana had fainted.

"No wonder, poor thing!" said the old nurse; "she's had no sleep these three nights, for Master Charley would go to no one else."

Mrs. Braddick and Mrs. Cunningham were in the room now. The doctor was applying restoratives. Adriana half unclosed her eyes, and gave a shudder.

"Better take her to her own room," said he; and he lifted Adriana gently from her seat. As he did so, the comb dropped from her hair, and the long golden waves fell over his arm.

Mr. Braddick started. What recollections did that golden hair bring up!—surely that pale senseless face was familiar to him.

"Miss Linden! has she nursed Charley?"

"Of course, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Braddick; "she is the governess, and Charley is very fond of her."

"The governess!—Miss Linden?"

"Yes, my dear; I don't see anything strange in it. She is a most excellent young person, and we are all very fond of her—all except Richard, I may say."

Mr. Etheredge gave one of his peculiar smiles, but said nothing. The plot was becoming clearer to him; the third act was passed, what was to come next?

Adriana had been taken to her own room, and the stately Mrs. Cunningham herself had laid the weary head on the pillow.

"We owe her much," said she; "but for her unwearied exertions we might have lost poor little Charley. I will sit here awhile, Alison," she continued. "Send Anne at six o'clock, and then I will lie down till breakfast-time."

As six struck, and she was crossing the passage to her own room, Mr. Etheredge met her.

"How is Miss Linden, mother?"

"The doctor says her pulse is quieter, and that she may sleep away the danger of fever, but is very much exhausted."

CHAPTER IX.

At ten o'clock Adriana was still sleeping. The kindly old doctor had looked in, desired that she might not be disturbed, and left a composing draught to be given to her when she awoke. But she slept on till the girl who had been left to watch her began to be afraid that the quiet white face slept the deep sleep that has no awaking. Dare she just touch her hand? but if she did it would bring no evidence, for the icy coldness would not have had time to set in. The country girl had known something of death.

She would draw aside the curtain to let in a little more light—she could see better if she moved. Whiter and whiter looked the face as the sunlight fell upon it.

What should she do? The doctor had said she was not to be disturbed; yet she could bear the suspense no longer. She would call Nurse Alison to look at Miss Linden. As she moved to open the door, her dress caught on a chair, and dragged it to the ground.

The sudden noise aroused the sleeper. She half started up.

"Where am I, Charley?"

The girl had moved to the side of the bed again.

"Anne?"

"Yes, Miss Linden. Charley's out of danger, miss, and doing well; you fainted, and—"

"Ah, yes, I remember," said Adriana, wearily. "Have I been asleep long?"

"It's nearly eleven now; you've slept as quiet as a lamb. I'm so sorry I woke you."

"Never mind, Anne, I shall not be awake very long, I'm so sleepy. Will you stay with me till I wake?" said she, earnestly. "I don't think I shall have the fever; but don't let any one else come in. You'll stay?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"And if I speak wake me."

The girl poured out the draught; Adriana drank it off, her head sank back on the pillow, and in five minutes the girl was beginning to wonder again whether she were dead or sleeping.

The day wore on; the evening hours were setting in when Adriana awoke. Anne was keeping conscientious watch over her.

"How do you feel, miss?" asked the girl.

"All right, Anne. I think I'll get up."

"Oh, no, Dr. Wilson said you must lie still till morning, at any rate. Mrs. Cunningham said so too; she's been to ask after you a great many times. But aren't you hungry, miss?"

"No—yes—yes, I think I am; I must keep up my strength, I suppose."

"Strength," soliloquized she, when the girl had left the room, "I need my strength. Where am I? Why did I not go away? Is there anything real in life? Is it not a long fever-dream that one never seems to wake from till the end? Oh, how long the end is in coming! I have no strength: what shall I do? Cowardly! contemptible! play out your part. Has he not come home to his wife, his children? He is happy; he cares not for the past,—the past is yours alone; a life to live over and over, never to be, yet ever present."

She raised herself as she spoke, and the color flitted into her cheeks. "I am quite well—quite strong. How hard it is to crush out life! how it springs up and battles against the foe! I cannot die, I cannot die! life is too strong; my pulse is firm and steady. I shall not have the fever: I could walk through fever hospitals, and visit damp, noisome hovels all unscathed, bend over plague-smitten lips, and yet be unharmed. Misery bears a charmed life. The unhappy fear nothing. Oh, life, life, how hard is it to live!"

"Miss Linden, Miss Linden!" said Anne, for on her return Adriana's flushed face alarmed her.

"You see there's nothing the matter with me now, Anne. See how strong and well I am, and so hungry. I must eat, whether I will or not," and she drew the tray towards her.

Anne looked on in silence. Adriana almost devoured the food.

"What a terrible thing it must be to die of hunger, Anne."

"Yes, miss."

"There are stories told of victims closed up in walls, with just a narrow space to stand in, left with a pitcher of water and morsel of bread, and when that was gone they must stand there quietly, and wait for death. No, they could not wait quietly: think of the fearful despair—the agony. Shriek after shriek must have stifled within those stones." And Adriana shuddered.

"Don't speak of such things now, miss," said Anne. "I doubt if you are as well as you think for."

"I wonder how long they were in dying. I suppose all their past life came up before them, and they knew then what their judgment would be. I daresay the dying have a presentiment of their future—a sort of foreknowledge."

The girl grew more and more bewildered, and was greatly relieved to hear Mrs. Cunningham's step outside.

Mrs. Cunningham gently opened the door, and seeing Adriana was awake, came in.

"You look a little feverish; lie down again," and she smoothed the pillows, and laid Adriana's head on them. "I will take care of Miss Linden, Anne."

"Oh, no, I need not trouble any one," said Adriana.

"Indeed you need," answered Mrs. Cunningham; "but you must not speak of trouble. We owe too much to you to think anything that will bring back your strength a trouble."

"I am quite strong."

"So you think, but you do not know how one deceives oneself in these cases. You are just rested after your long sleep, but in the morning you will feel differently. After so long a loss of rest it takes some time to recruit."

"Oh, Mrs. Cunningham! please do not stay with me. I cannot bear to see you troubling yourself about me."

"Hush! I will not hear that word. I can only remember how you watched by Charley. What would poor Charles have done if he had come home to find his beautiful boy dead?" Adriana turned away her face. Mrs. Cunningham went on: "Margaret, too, she would have come to thank you, but I would not let her come to-night."

Adriana gave a convulsive sob.

Mrs. Cunningham stooped down and kissed the pale forehead. She was a stately old lady, and generally undemonstrative, but there were tender places in her heart, and Adriana's untiring devotion to her grandchild had stirred up depths of gratitude, added to a sort of fascination that had been gradually drawing her towards Adriana. "Richard quite undervalues Miss Linden," she cogitated, and a sort of antagonism rose in her mind, a wish to show him that he was mistaken in his estimate. So she sat down by the bedside to watch.

Adriana's face was turned away: Mrs. Cunningham thought she was asleep.

Presently, in a slow measured voice, as of one speaking with an effort, Adriana spoke.

"Do not be offended, Mrs. Cunningham; but I think I should be better alone."

"As you wish it, then," said Mrs. Cunningham, kindly; "good-night, and pleasant dreams."

"Pleasant dreams!" muttered Adriana, as the door closed. She sprang up, bolted it, and flinging herself on the bed again, burst into a wild fit of stifled laughter—stifled, for she dared utter no sound, else shriek upon shriek would have burst forth to have given her relief; as it was, she controlled any outcry, but her frame shook with convulsive sobs which she could not quiet. Again and again the paroxysm burst forth, till she sank back exhausted, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Night drew her dark curtains closer around the weary frame, and Morpheus gently stole to the sleeper's side, and whispered into her ear pleasant words of the calm days of olden times ere sorrow had cast its shadow over her. The troubled soul fled from the present, and sought rest in the quiet past. A little child sat holding it's mother's hand under the deep spreading shade of a Spanish chestnut. Beautiful flowers were growing on every side, and the child loosed its mother's hand to gather them. Ah! there was an unlooked-for sting in the flower, and the little one, with piteous cry, held out its hand. "Oh, mother, mother!" And the mother lifted up the child on her knee and kissed away the pain, and the child nestled closer and closer, comforted and protected.

Strange that such childish remembrances should come back: what train of waking thought had suggested them? Why should the thoughts fly back almost to forgotten infancy, when the bitter realities of the present were eating their way into her heart? Who can tell the mystic economy of dream-life, the capricious wanderings of the soul, the immaterial whilst the unconscious material, the body, takes its rest—is dead to all around it? No outward impression conveyed through the medium of the senses; the eye sees not, the ear hears not; and yet the soul passes through scenes, wild, mournful, terrible, joyful beyond all that ever happens in our waking hours. Time is annihilated, circumstances disregarded, and incongruity does not seem incongruous.

Adriana's dreams were pleasant, and Mrs. Cunningham's wish was fulfilled.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Braddick was pacing up and down the library: every now and then he paused.

"Richard."

Mr. Etheredge was standing before the fire, apparently absorbed in the newspaper.

"Richard!"

"Well?"

Mr. Braddick resumed his walk, and Mr. Etheredge remained poring over the paper.

"Why can't you answer a fellow when he wishes to talk to you?" said Mr. Braddick, coming to a sudden halt.

"You've said 'Richard' at least four times, and I've said 'Well:' what more could I do?"

"It's awkward sometimes asking questions," said Mr. Braddick, giving the fire a poke and letting the poker drop. "Dick, I'm not accustomed to making confidences, as you know, but I want you to answer some questions, and make no comments."

"Hum, well?"

"Where did Miss Linden come from?"

"How should I know, Charles? I never inquired. Margaret advertised, Miss Linden answered, and Miss Linden came. That is all I know about the matter."

"Oh."

"I don't think she knew where she was coming."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Braddick.

"I don't think she knew your name was Braddick."

Mr. Braddick took two or three strides up and down the room.

"Confound it, Richard, I don't believe you have a particle of sympathy in you. Here am I wishing to draw you out upon a subject, and can't get a word from you."

"I thought I was to make no comments."

"Well, who wants you to make comments? I only want facts."

"I've told you I know nothing of how, why, wherefore, or whence Miss Linden came."

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Next to nothing; but I am willing to give you all the information I can. Miss Linden came to us in London, and came down here with us. One day on entering the library I find Miss Linden deeply absorbed in your picture. She is evidently agitated, and as evidently tries to conceal it. 'Whose portrait is it?' 'Mr. Braddick's.' Whereat she is evidently relieved. Afterwards I introduce my mother, Mrs. Cunningham. A sudden light flashes upon her. I am perplexed, and don't know what to make of it. Some time afterwards I look over the drawings you sent from India—a sketch drops out—I recognize it at once. I make surmises as to the state of affairs, but arrive at no certain conclusions."

"Richard," said Mr. Braddick, gravely, "I never was really in love but once."

"Very satisfactory indeed to Margaret."

"Margaret!—who was thinking of Margaret?"

"I was, of course."

"I wasn't," said Mr. Braddick, hastily. "Dick, I got engaged to Margaret, early, before I knew my own mind; then I saw Miss Linden, and knew my mind at once. What could I do?"

"Did Miss Linden know?"

"I never told her."

"Hem! Isn't that rather an evasion? *What* was Miss Linden's mind?"

"It's no vanity, Dick; I wish it had been. Her mind answered to mine. When I saw her last I hoped that I might never see her again. I hoped that in years I might forget the look of those sad eyes the night that we parted."

"And here, you've both met at my house—a pleasant dilemma. Charles, I never suspected you of flirting."

"Neither need you. I tell you what, there's a destiny—a fate that urges one on. What could I do but be honorable to my engagement?"

"Hem! and be dishonorable to some one else—excuse plain speaking."

"I never said anything to mislead her."

"Did she know you were engaged?"

"No."

"Does Margaret know you have met before?"

"No, that is one awkward part of it; between the two I don't know what is best to be done. Explanations, besides being a bore, generally make matters worse. What's your advice?"

"Leave Miss Linden to take the initiative," said Mr. Etheredge. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECEIPTS.

Receipts by Prof. Blot.

MATELOTE.—This dish is compounded of one or more kinds of black fish; it is best to have as great a variety as possible; such as eels, pickerel, bass, &c. Cut the eels into pieces about two inches long, cut also the other fish into pieces, and place in a saucepan a little butter; when the butter is melted, add the fish, with a "bunch of seasoning;" in a short time a small tablespoonful of flour, stir; then about one gill of claret wine,—allowing one gill to a pound of fish,—a little more broth than wine and one onion; salt and pepper. Matelote is best when made three or four days before required. It must, however, be warmed over each day till served. It must be placed in a pan in *Bain marie*, or boiling water, till warm enough to eat, and then removed and kept in a cool place.

CHICKEN A LA MARENGO.—After the battle of Marengo, Napoleon I., though suffering from hunger, would be satisfied only with a chicken *sauté*; but the article of butter being indispensable in this dish, the cook told him it was impossible to gratify him; but the Emperor being determined, oil was substituted. And from this circumstance originated chicken *a la Marengo*. When small lobsters can be obtained, add them to the chicken. In Paris, crawfish or ecrévisées are always served with this dish. Cut the chicken into small pieces; pour about four teaspoonfuls of oil into a frying-pan; lay the pieces of the fowl in, and when brown, remove the oil for a subsequent process. Stir with the chicken one teaspoonful of flour, and little over one gill of wine,—either red or white,—two stalks of parsley, a piece of bay-leaf, one clove of garlic, salt and pepper to taste. When nearly done, add a few mushrooms cut in pieces. Then turn the oil back into a pan on the fire, and fry in it small fillets of bread, also a few eggs, and serve them with the chicken.

PEAS AU NATUREL.—Throw into water at the first boiling, one half peck of peas and one head of lettuce; add salt, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, three stalks of parsley and one-third of a bay leaf, with a piece of butter the size of an egg. Boil until tender.

MACEDOINE.—Cut carrots and turnips with a vegetable spoon; cover with cold water, set them over the fire and boil until tender. When cooked drain them through a cullender, mix one-half a tablespoonful of butter with as much flour, set on the fire and add one-half gill of broth. Turn the mixture over the vegetables.

EGGS *à la neige*, usually called *œufs a la neige*, or snow-like. Place upon the fire in a tin pan one quart of milk, when it boils add to it two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and stir. Drop into it, in large spoonfuls, the whites of four eggs, previously beaten to a stiff froth. Turn them carefully and remove from the milk as soon as cooked. Mix with a little milk the yolks of four eggs, and pour into the milk in which the whites have been cooked, place over the fire and stir; when it thickens, strain into a dish and put the whites upon it. Serve cold.

PAIN PERDU signifies "lost bread." Cut stale bread into thin slices; lay them in a tin pan, and turn over them nearly one-half a pint of warm milk mixed with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Melt a little butter in a frying pan; beat two eggs, dip the slices of bread in the beaten egg, and then in bread-crumbs; fry in the butter; when done, dust with white sugar.

After the several dishes were prepared, Mons. Blot completed the directions for French bread-making. When the dough has been well kneaded,—the more it is worked the finer and lighter the bread will be—roll out a portion—according to the size of the roll desired—and fold the sides in narrow folds each way until they meet; press down the ends, and shape them a little either round or pointed, and a French roll is formed. The same process for large and small rolls. Let them stand one hour, that they may rise, then bake. A brick oven is best for bread.

Mons. Blot in consideration of the near approach of the warm weather, made some practical suggestions upon eating and drinking when fatigued or very warm. When one is exhausted by severe exertion of any kind at any season, it is not well to eat heartily until the body has somewhat recuperated its strength. Broth, either cold or warm, may be taken in a limited quantity; or a cup of chocolate, or even a little milk or sugar; lumps of sugar may be dipped in water and eaten with a little bread. The body should rest for an hour after partaking of this slight nourishment; the system will then be able to bear a full meal. Coffee or tea should never be drank when there has been excessive fatigue. So one should abstain from drinking long draughts of cold water when much heated; ice-cold water is quite tantalizing to a parched tongue, but a little strength of mind and exercise of reason will restrain the indulgence. It is better to moisten the wrists with cold water, and then apply a wet towl to the forehead; water may then be sipped by the teaspoonful.

THEY SHALL RETURN.

Break, break, upon my breaking heart, O sea!
My heart that found its rest upon thy shore;
Break, break, and crumble to depart with thee,
My tiny shallops that return no more.

Nay, saith Time's monotone, nay, saith Time's dreary drone,
Whether for good or ill, waiting the Maker's will,
They shall return.

Roar, roar upon my rueful heart, O sea!
My wistful heart that weeps upon thy shore,
Fain to forget and to depart with thee,
Like my lost shallops to return no more.

Nay, saith Time's monotone, nay, saith Time's rolling drone,
Bear thou thy sorrow still, whether for good or ill,
They shall return.

Wait, wait upon my writhing heart, O sea!
My woeful heart that may not yield nor flee;
My truest loves shall not depart with thee;
Return, return, give up mine own, thou sea!

Nay, saith Time's monotone, nay, saith Time's weary drone,
Wait thou His day until, whether for good or ill,
They shall return.

WALTER WYCOMBE.

BURGLAR BRAVOS.

A BRAZILIAN SKETCH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.

The period for which I had mortgaged my services to the Government of Don Pedro Segundo had expired. I had familiarized myself with the language, people, productions, and peculiarities of divers cities dotting the several magnificent bays of the Atlantic coast; and above all, as two or three successful business speculations had put into my pockets, or rather into *el Banco National*, to my credit, about eleven *contas de reis*; I came to the conclusion one day that as my entire knowledge of the interior of this vast and magnificent country consisted merely of hearsay information, I would devote two—perhaps three or four years, before returning to the United States, to the business of exploring the indoor existence of the empire, to the widest and longest possible extent. I have said *business*—and such was the external color of my bushwhacking enterprise; but the color like that of the people of the country was not a remarkably *clear* one. I obtained a formal appointment to hydrographise rivers, lakes, and mountain torrents, to topographise sierras, pampas, and *campos*, to prospect for precious metals, and procure specimens in geological, zoological, and ornithological for *el Colliego do Imperial* at Rio Janeiro. For the multiform service thus imposed I was to receive the magnificent sum of two thousand *mil reis* per annum. This sum, however, would maintain me liberally enough among savages, where game was abundant—especially as I possessed a splendid rifle, and was accounted a most miraculous shot. As for the rest, my commission would command for me respect, so far as the Imperial authority should extend; which certainly was not many leagues inland.

Bushwhacking in those days did not imply plunder, robbery, and cowardly assassination; but simply forest life—roughing it in the bush, and vagabondizing at large beyond the conventionalities of civilization.

My first experience in my new profession was upon the occasion of a social visit to a marvelously wealthy old Spaniard named Frio, who resided away up in the Organ Mountain region, some fifteen leagues to the northwest from Rio, and just on the outskirts of the pretty little mountain village of San Genievo.

Don Pastor-Ignacio Juan Jose-Joachim Frio was a pure blood Castilian, having ran away from a Spanish ship in Bahia at the age of fifteen, and with two ounces that he happened to have in his pocket, he set up a *venda* (i. e.) a sort of shop where almost everything is bought and sold. After a prosperous career of some fourteen years, Don Pastor inaugurated the manufacture of leather, and also of every article composed of that material, at the village of San Genievo, and at the time I visited it the establishment was the most extensive one in South America—or probably on this continent.

Very soon after my advent into the empire, I had made the acquaintance of Don Pastor, and during my four year's residence in Rio Janeiro, upon every occasion of his semi annual visits thither to purchase his wines, dry goods and hardware stock, he had invariably made his home at my house. Many a time and often did the kind-hearted, generous old Spaniard invite and earnestly urge me to bring my wife up to his mountain home, and visit him a month, year, or a life time, if I would. He was childless, immensely wealthy, and had taken a wonderful fancy both to myself and my very pretty, very accomplished and fascinating little "*Flora do Nouva York*," as he called my wife. It sometimes occurred to me that under the circumstances it might be good policy to accept his invitation and extend our visit during *his* life time; but my topographical duties were constant, confining me mostly to *Isla Ratona*, Quadrado, Villiguon, Fortress of Santa Cruz, and the Imperial Gardens; so that my range was limited to an evening's excursion across the bay to Prio Grande, or an afternoon's boat ride up the bay to *Isla Governardor*. As soon, however, as I was emancipated from Imperial restraint and surveyor's chains, I resolved that my initial lesson in bushwhacking should be taken at once, and at Don Pastor's.

Now a jaunt of forty-five miles in Brazil is a very different affair from one of the same magnitude in this country, where one has conveniently a railroad car to step into, and to step out of again before he is quite settled snugly in his seat. Our journey was over the very roughest kind of rough roads, and to be performed on horseback. Besides there was the luggage to be transported on sumpter mules, and our own cumberous paraphernalia for camping out at night; for there were no *posadas* by the way, and we could not achieve the up-hill ride in one day.

We got off at sunrise—Minnie and I; accompanied by two servants mounted, two pack mules, and five dogs. In an hour we had landed from the ferry-boat on the Rio Grande side of the bay, and set off on our journey along the road towards the Organ Mountains, which for a few miles skirt the shore of the most magnificent bay in the world.

My wife was a New Yorker, delicately reared, not very robust, but little accustomed to tropical, out-door exercise; but very resolute, and sanguine that her love of novelty and enthusiasm would carry her safe through, and they did.

Just half the distance having been accomplished, we encamped at sunset in a little solitary glen, near a spring of cold, sparkling water. Our *cosinieru* soon provided us with a capital supper, and afterwards came our preparations for lodgings. First was spread on the ground the *suello*, a bullock's hide dressed with the hair on, and impervious to water. This formed the mattress. Then with our saddles for pillows, and pachos for covering, we lay down beneath the blue, star-gemmed sky and slept most refreshingly.

Breakfast was called at daylight; a half-hour's toilet at the spring, thirty minutes more to discuss our *carne fresla*, coffee, *pao dulce*, one bottle of *parfait de amour*, and at sunrise to saddle.

I have vividly in mind the recollections of that glorious ride through the gorges of the grand old Organ Mountains; but should I tarry to recount a little of the beauties of that day's journey, we should be late at Don Pastor's, and so, if you please, we will hurry forward.

As the sun was setting, we drew rein at the ponderous porte-cullis that admitted ingress within the mountain fortress of our Spanish friend. In appearance, and, in fact, it was outwardly a fortress. A description of it I defer, however, until after our reception.

Our intended visit had been announced by letter, and Don Pastor had stationed a young fellow outside the gate to give warning of our arrival. The moment we turned the angle of the high wall, and reined in towards the entrance, the picket set up an unearthly yell of:—

"*O-la! Don Pastor! Elles veing agora! Don Carlos e Dona Flore do vio-vio-vib*—" the remainder of his announcement was drowned in the thundering roar of a drum as big as a tobacco hogshead, which he fell to belaboring most furiously.

Up rattled the huge porte-cullis, and out rushed Don Pastor with open arms and bare head, followed by full fifty of his household, while quite two hundred more were drawn up in reserve just within the gate. Such a greeting as ensued is never seen or heard of in North America. With a fervent "*Dios vos guarde!*" Don Pastor lifted my little wife from the saddle, and fairly holding her clear of the earth, he hugged and kissed her so vigorously, that she was half suffocated and wholly convulsed with laughter. At the same time Dona Florentina, Don Pastor's fair, forty-year old wife, was bestowing a like cordial greeting on myself, though her stamina was not quite equal to the effort of lifting me off my feet, and as her avordupois weight was at least a hundred and ninety pounds, I did not deem the effort to hold her up like a doll, as Don Pastor was doing with my wife, a very prudent one; but our hugging and kissing was quite as energetic as his. The principals being at length exhausted, the secondaries came in for their share of welcome, so that by the time we had passed the ordeal, and the gate, we were well nigh suffocated. Everybody, old and young, black and white, bond and free, had been enjoying a holiday in anticipation of our arrival, and the moment we were within the walls, they beset us on all sides, and set up such a pandemonium of shouts, welcomes and vivas as might well have bewildered clearer-headed people than we were just then. We escaped their kindness at last, however, and being left to ourselves in an apartment prepared for our reception, we soon recuperated our energies; and pending dinner let us essay a brief description of Don Pastor's establishment.

A massive *adobe* wall, eighteen feet in height, enclosed a quadrangle of three thousand yards in each direction, and was beset all along the top with a formidable chevaux de frise of broken wine bottles, firmly imbedded in cement. The vast gate through which we had entered was the only opening of any kind in the walls; and to the left of it, joining the wall on the outside, was the grim, magazine-looking warehouse or store, in which all the articles manufactured by Don Pastor, or imported, were stored and sold.

First, within the gate, was a vast, flagged court, flanked on the left by the residence of the proprietor, and on the right by the stables; both invisible, however, on account of a blank *adobe* wall on either side, from which inwardly projected tiled-roof sheds; that next the stables serving as a kitchen for the entire establishment, while the opposite one was the general rendezvous of innumerable pigs, ducks, geese, gobblers and Guinea fowl—a very convenient arrangement for the cooks certainly.

Passing from the court through a second gate, on the right appeared a range of buildings of adobe, and beautifully white, two stories in height, and at least five hundred feet long, divided into compartments sixteen feet wide, with a door and two windows each. These are the work-shops in which are manufactured the many and various articles of leather, such as saddles, shoes, *tomanes*, harness, holsters and military outfits of every description where leather is the material used. In these shops work whole families together—father, mother and children of both sexes, all being bred to some special branch, and never separated; thus working, living and sleeping together through life. Over each shop was a dormitory of the same size, having no other opening than a single hole, two and a half feet square, accessible by a ladder.

On the right was another adobe range of the same dimensions, with dormitories over head for such as labored out of the work-shops; but below the fronts were open, and the spaces stored with bark used in tanning. In the centre of the space was an open shed, similar to an old Philadelphia or Baltimore market, the same length as the other ranges, and furnished with a real centre table, extending throughout the shed and serving as a common table *de hote* for every employee about the place, male and female, old and young, white, black and butternut, where they all *stand up* to their meals, supplied from the great out-door kitchen in the poultry yard.

In the rear of the enclosure there ran a small stream of pure water, and erected over this was an immense tannery, in which some two hundred hands were engaged. These with the operatives in the shops and others incidentally employed, made up an aggregate of nearly five hundred souls, to all intents and purposes the family as well as property of Don Pastor. They were born, fed, clothed, and finally buried at his expense, giving him in return a nominal day's labor and moderate profit individually, but in the sum total immense.

At six o'clock, A. M., precisely, all the year round, the *patron* of the establishment blew out with a huge ox horn or trumpet every soul capable of coming out, and by seven o'clock the hive was all a hum with work. At eight the big horn blew all hands to the *salle a mange* to breakfast, and another blast at nine blew them back again. At noon they were blasted to dinner, and at two P. M. to labor. The huge horn gathered all in to supper at six o'clock, and exactly at eight Senor Patron blew all hands off to bed. The scampering that followed this last mandate was interesting. Ladders were hurried into position, and up and into their holes like cats climbed men, women and children, the last one drawing up after him the light ladder, and in a quarter of an hour all would be as hushed as midnight.

Our visit had extended about two weeks, I think, and we had enjoyed ourselves as well as we possibly could under the circumstances; but as we only saw Don Pastor and Dona Florentina during the two hours of dinner time each day, we began to tire of the unexciting sameness, and the everlasting ox horn of *el patron*. In fact, we were beginning to wish for something to wake us up. And we got it almost as soon as wished for.

It was very nearly eleven o'clock at night, and Minnie and I were still obstinately fighting a closely contested chess battle, when we were suddenly a good deal startled by the appearance of Don Pastor, who came stealthily in on tip toe, but scantily clad in his night gear, with a long Toledo rapier girded on, and grasping in either hand a huge old-fashioned horse pistol.

"Hist, Don Carlos—Sh-s-s-st, Dona Minnie! There are *ladrones* in the store, and I have a thousand ounces in gold there!" hissed Don Pastor, in a low, but perfectly distinct whisper. "Get your arms, Senor—come with me and we will surprise the thieves."

I had a brace of prime revolvers, which were in the belt around my waist directly, and in close companionship with the life preservers was the most murderous looking Bowie knife I had been able to obtain from the United States. Seizing my rifle, which was loaded, in less than a minute I was following Don Pastor.

I thought he would have gone directly by a door which communicated through the main wall, and at once confronted the robbers. But instead of doing so, he passed through his own bed room into the dining hall, and thence out into the court and across it to the quarters of the patron, whom he awakened, informed him of the presence of the robbers, and then instructed him how to proceed, all in the same low distinct whisper with which he had communicated the intelligence to myself and wife.

We crossed over to the stables, where the patron left us, while Don Pastor and myself proceeded to saddle and bridle half a dozen animals. Don Pastor's stud was not a premium one by any means. There was not an animal in it that would have any more than averaged an ordinary New York dray horse. I therefore proposed to Don Pastor that he should ride, instead of one of his own, my wife's horse, which, like mine, was from the Rio Grande region, and an animal of great speed and endurance. My proposition was readily accepted, and just as we led the horses out into the open space, the patron returned, bringing six of the most athletic, resolute young fellows about the place. He had also his enormous ox horn swinging by its lanyard from his wrist.

"Now, Senor Martinus," said Don Pastor, addressing the patron, "mount and give the horn to Pedro. Let the others run the great gate up quickly, and then as we dash out, four of the boys here will into saddle and after us, while Pedro will arouse all the people with his horn and bid the men follow us, if the robbers should escape and take to the road. "*Aoro! Levante el porte!*" he continued, addressing his people.

Up, with a jangling clash, shot the great porte-cullis, and out like projected bombshells shot Don Pastor, the patron, and myself. At the same moment the great horn blared out a mighty blast that set the whole hive astir like a hornet's nest.

But we were too late to surprise the rascals, for either having accomplished their errand, or perhaps alarmed at some slight noise we had made, they had fled, and we heard the clatter of their horses' hoofs as they dashed along up the rocky pass of *el Camino del Commercio*.

"*Carrahho!*" Don Pastor ground out between his set teeth, as he gave loose rein to my wife's firebrand, Don Falcon, who darted away like a sped arrow. My own fleet Wildfire was soon lapping the haunches of Falcon; but the heavier brute, ridden by Don Martinus, was distanced in the very start, and soon fell far behind. I knew by the quick, clipping ring of the iron-clad hoofs ahead that the robbers were capitally mounted, and I knew just as certainly that if they outrode us they were better mounted than ever ladrone was before in that part of the empire.

But the dealing with the vagabonds when once overtaken, a dozen, perhaps, against two of us, that was another question to settle. I had great confidence in the efficacy of my repeaters and the pluck of Don Pastor; but aim in the dark, even at a close range, is very uncertain, and the Don was past sixty. Brute force might win the battle before our reinforcements could reach us.

I am not willing to confess that I really feared the rascals, but such thoughts will intrude at times in spite of us. Whatever the sensation might have been, however, I had not the most remote idea of making the least possible exhibition of it, knowing as I did that Don Pastor was brave as a lion, reckless as a gamester, and had I declined the coming conflict would have rode in among the marauders single-handed, cursing me for a coward. Accordingly, I suggested nothing, and on we drove, up the rough road, neck and stirrup.

The road, which was only called such by a stretch of courtesy, wound along the tortuous course of a dry ravine, scantily wooded, and the sides so sloping that the brilliant Brazilian star-light came down almost as clearly as it did on the heights above us, rendering objects at the distance of five hundred yards visible with considerable distinctness.

We had ridden twenty minutes, perhaps, and some four miles from the village, when turning an abrupt angle in the defile, we came in full view of the renegades riding furiously up a long, straight stretch, not more than four hundred yards in advance; and without a word or whisper to each other, we urged our horses to greater speed, gathering on the thieves at every leap of our superior animals; so that we finally came up with them almost as they had gained the terminus of the straight course where the ravine opened out on to the level table land of the sierra.

As we came up with the fugitives, a fellow riding in the rear, suddenly turned partially in his saddle, raised his right arm high above his head, and described with it a rapid circle. I knew what was coming, and my keen Bowie was out in a second. There was a quick whir, something cold and wiry-like touched my cheek, and the noose of a *lariat* fell around the neck of Don Pastor, who rode on my right. Instantly the thong was tightened about his throat, and a half uttered exclamation was stifled into an inarticulate gasp. The keen edge of my knife touched the wiry thong, and it was powerless for mischief;—

"*Maldito! I-r-r-r-a!*" fairly shrieked the enraged old Spaniard, and a moment later, he made a tremendous lunge at the discomfited ladrone who had essayed to strangle him. The long, slender "Toledo" passed entirely through the rascal, driven home to the hilt, and he was spitted like a lark. As Don Pastor withdrew his weapon, the man uttered a smothered howl, swayed to and fro in his saddle, and then toppling over, he went down head foremost, striking the ground with a dull, heavy *thud* like a sack of grain.

There were seven of the bandits remaining, and a moment after the fall of their comrade, the whole of them wheeled around and confronted us. As they did so, some one among them cried out in the barbarous patois of the sierra:—

"*El Diavo velho tengo morto la capitan!*" (the old devil has killed the captain!)

The knowledge that their leader was down, encouraged us, and the onslaught of the robbers was met as promptly as it was made. Three rapid shots from one of my repeaters, quieted two of the number most effectually, and a discharge of one of Don Pastor's pocket howitzers blew away nearly the entire top of one unfortunate scamp's head. The four remaining robbers at once threw down their weapons, plead piteously for mercy, and like cowards as they were, surrendered unconditionally.

In a few moments we had the fellows securely tied with thongs cut from one of their *lassos*; and then we seated ourselves on the ground, to await the arrival of reinforcements. In a few minutes Don Martinus joined us, and a few moments later, we heard Petro blasting away on the great ox horn trumpet. Directly there came rushing up the ravine, nearly every ablebodied man about Don Pastor's establishment, all armed in some rude fashion, and all clamorous for battle with the robbers. But the robbers had passed their fighting period—four of them forever. Several of the party bore torches, and by the light of these, the gold of which Don Pastor had been plundered, was soon found in the pouches of the robbers, and placed under safe convoy to be returned to the *estancia*.

Three of the brigands were entirely dead, and were flung across their captured horses to be taken to the village. But their leader was still breathing, though laboriously, and really frightfully. It seems that Don Pastor's rapier had pierced his lungs, and at every respiration the air escaping from the lungs, blew out also through the incisions in his body, in a sort of wheezy whistle that was absolutely sickening. He was removed to a sort of hospital-jail in the village, where he lingered through four days of torture, and then died, without having uttered a single word after receiving that fatal thrust.

The day following the adventure, Don Pastor's whole household had another glorious holiday, and a month later, the surviving robbers had their right hands cut off, and were sent to the diamond regions to seek for jewels on Government account.

What's the Use of the Moon?

M. Geoffroy, of Paris, asks, in an article in the Moniteur, what may be the utility of the moon with regard to our planet, and whether it is only there for the purpose of raising the waters of the ocean twice a day. To this he replies that, besides the great planets that are carried along a regular path round the sun, there exists an unlimited number of bodies of different sizes moving through space in every direction, as the almost daily discovery of an immense number of asteroids proves. In his opinion the moon was once one of those erratic bodies, and, happening one day to get within the sphere of attraction of our planet, was forced to become our satellite, instead of continuing its own course. Hence, the moon is but an accident. The earth had done without it before, and might do without it again. Venus was about the size of the earth, and goes regularly round the sun, although it has no satellite. Why should the earth need one? He continues to say that our moon is of no use to us, because we might well do without oceanic and atmospheric tides, and the best eulogium he can pass on our satellite being that it is utterly useless, he goes further and declares that we owe it to the merest chance, it having been picked up as it were, on the way: and as such a thing might happen again, the author sees no impossibility whatever in our getting some day another, and perhaps more moons still, added to our stock. M. Geoffroy is one of those who deny that the moon is inhabited. First, because the excessive cold there must prevent the possibility of any animal life; and, second, because the moon has no atmosphere.

Five Wives.

A gentleman, resident of a city not a thousand miles from New York, had the exuberant fortune of five successive wives. He had buried them, one after another, as death made its demand upon them, and three or four of them happened to be in different places, at quite a distance from each other. Two or three of them were in different towns. To reconcile his sense of order and numerical unity, he started one day on a tour of collection to bury them all in one place. He mounted the wagon himself, and drove around till he had got them all together in one load, and then, as fate would have it, was obliged to drive by the house where the lady of his present addresses, to whom he had offered himself, was sitting at the open window. Seeing her sitting there, he bowed to her, as any gentleman would, as he drove by with his precious load of five coffins with their contents. It was too much for the lady; she declared she never would have him, and has to this day kept her word.

☞ It was a good custom of the old Romans which preserved the first beard on a young man's face until it became comely, and then left it a matter of choice with him to continue bearded or not.

PARTED.

Just a little scorn, and a little pride,
And an angry word on either side,
And yet enough our lives to divide.

Just a bitter taunt that was never meant;
Angry tones without intent;
And then love's utter banishment.

A calm releasing of each tie
That bound our hearts in unity,
And just a cold, a cold good-bye.

And then no more! oh, yes, a cry,
Hid in the heart's wild agony,
Escaping in one simple sigh.

And afterwards, a deep despair,
Hopes and aspirations bare—
A life-long, unavailing prayer.

Penitent, but unforgiven:
The love of youth asunder riven:
Never to meet on this side Heaven.

The Restless Sea.

The sea is not only the emblem of change; it is itself the cause, directly or indirectly, of nearly all the physical changes that take place in the world. Ascend the mountain summit, and there, amid the crags, where the eagle builds her eyrie, and the heather grows in the blue immeasurable silence of heaven, you tread the shores of a former sea, whose shells and corals, imbedded in the rocks, are still as perfect and beautiful as when the last retiring wave rippled over them.

Descend into the stony chambers of the earth, and there in the darkness of the quarry you will see the petrified skeletons of fish that once swam in the waters, and the sands that formed the shores of unknown seas, and the undulating ripple marks left behind by the ebb and flow of long-forgotten tides. We cannot name a single spot where the sea has not come time or other been.

Every rock that now constitutes the firm foundation of the earth was once dissolved in its waters, lay as mud at its bottom, or as sand and gravel along its shore. The materials of our houses were once deposited in its depths, and are built on the floor of an ancient ocean. What are now dry continents were once ocean beds; and what are now sea beds will be future continents.

Everywhere the sea is still at work—encroaching upon the shore—undermining the boldest cliffs on the coast by its own direct agency. And where it cannot reach itself, it sends its emissaries to the very heart of deserts and the very summits of mountain ranges, and the very innermost recesses of continents, there to produce constant dilapidation and change. Its own waters are confined by the shore line; but no voice has ever said to its fleet-footed winds and its viewless vapors, "Hitherto shall ye come, and no further." They rise from their ocean bed, these messengers of the sea, and pursue their flight along the sky until some lofty peaks far in the interior arrests them; and they discharge their watery burden into its bosom, forming the sources of streams and rivers and glaciers, that carry on the work of change where the roar of the sea itself is never heard.

Courtesies on the Battle Field.

The rebel major who is writing an account of the Virginia campaign, in "Blackwood's," says that while the rebel army was about to cross the Potomac after the Antietam campaign, he was ordered to a certain point to check the Federal advance. "One of the Yankee officers," he proceeds, "who, as I was later informed, was the colonel of the regiment that had effected its escape from Harper's Ferry, had attracted my attention the previous day by his gallantry and the excellent dispositions he made of his troops. Here I saw him again, galloping very near on a handsome gray horse, quickly discovering our weak points, and posting and instructing his men accordingly. After having left him undisturbed for some time, I thought it necessary to put a stop to his proceedings, and selecting a couple of my infantry men, who had been pointed out as the best shots, I made across the open space in front of our lines directly towards him. Having arrived within reasonable distance, I ordered my sharp-shooters to fire at the daring colonel, who was moving along at an easy gallop, without paying me the slightest attention. After several bullets had whistled quite close to him, he suddenly halted, and turned round, advanced a few steps, and made me a military salute in the most graceful manner possible. Then calling out to one of his men to hand him a carbine, raised the weapon, took a deliberate aim at me, and sent his ball so close to my head that I thought it had carried away a lock of my hair. I saluted him now on my part, and whirling round quietly, both of us rode back to our respective lines. So courtesies are sometimes exchanged in the midst of hostile conflict."

Modern Degeneracy.

More than three thousand years ago Homer says that no two men, "as men are now"—could lift the huge stone which Diomed wielded with ease; and yet, as he tells us, in another place, Diomed was by no means equal in fight to his father Tydeus. And two thousand years later Horace tells his Roman contemporaries that their sires, inferior to their grandsires, had produced themselves, worse than either, to be succeeded by yet more degenerate sons. Milton held to the same doctrine of the gradual deterioration of the race, though he was in his own person a most eloquent contradiction of its truth, he having been as remarkable for youthful beauty and manly grace as for his transcendent genius. It would be hard to tell who of those that went before him was his superior. And one would like to know from whom Shakspeare had degenerated, who died when Milton was eight years old. Facts contradict this melancholy theory. The weapons and armor of the ancient Romans which are yet extant, show that the conquerors of the world were a smaller race than the average of the moderns. And scarcely one of a large party of English gentlemen of the present day, well-proportioned, but nothing extraordinary in point of size, could get into the coats-of-mail in which their ancestors used to fight, as is told by Sir Samuel Meyrick, the antiquarian, whose collection of mediæval armor was employed in the experiment. The average of life is nearly double what it was two hundred year ago, in the reign of Charles II., and it was undoubtedly higher then than ever before.

POPULAR BIOGRAPHIES.

SELF-MADE MEN OF OUR DAY.

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

No. 1.—Sylvester Jayhawk.

The birth and parentage of the subject of our sketch is involved in some obscurity. If we may ask for Homer some credit, from the fact that five cities claimed the honor of his birthplace, a decent respect is due to our hero, whose parentage is alleged to have been divided between as many individuals. The name of Jayhawk cannot be traced beyond the present possessor, but, as the peculiar and arduous nature of his putative father's pursuits often rendered an *alias* necessary, this fact should not militate against the antiquity of the family. It is believed that, in conformity with an aboriginal custom, the title of "Jayhawk" might have been bestowed on our hero in recognition of certain accipterine qualities which he possessed in common with that energetic, but ingenuous fowl.

Of his early boyhood we know but little. That it was not entirely devoid of interest, or of a prophetic nature, we have every reason to believe. "I disremember," said Mr. Jayhawk, in conversation with a high county official a few days previous to his decease, "I disremember much before I shot a nigger. It was in Missouri, when I was about fourteen. I had no call to kill him in partiklar," he repeated, thoughtfully; "he was worth more'n three hundred dollars, and the old man kinder fancied him." The tender and regretful manner in which Mr. Jayhawk was accustomed to allude to this act of boyish folly furnishes us a convincing proof of that cautious judgment and economical application of power which distinguished him in after years. He had no "call" to kill this helpless African; his older and more critical judgment, looking back upon an active and not altogether useless life, saw much to regret in this gratuitous and reckless waste of destructive energy. How many of us have been guilty of committing some indiscretion for which we had "no call;" how few of us have had the sincerity to regret it as frankly and openly as the truthful Jayhawk.

We follow young Sylvester from his paternal home to the state of Kansas. With no other property than a knife and pistol, he early faced the cold world, and began his career. Even the horse he rode was not his own, but borrowed permanently from a neighbor. An incident of his departure, which he was fond of relating, beautifully illustrates the depths of maternal affection, and the prophetic promptings of a mother's heart. "As I rode away, the old woman heaved arter me what I reckoned was a rock. I picked it up and found it was a paper parsil. That ere parsil I have kep to this day." On being interrogated as to its contents, Mr. Jayhawk, with that quaint humor which was peculiar to him, would reply, "It warn't a Bible. It was an old deck of the old man's—the identical deck of keards with which he won Sam Handy's colt and niggers." Some commentators have looked upon this act of the maternal Jayhawk as ill-advised, and perhaps indiscreet. But who shall fathom the mysterious logic of a mother's heart? Perhaps some instinctive premonition of his future occupation—perhaps the mere desire to gratify a beloved son, determined this gift. It is certain that Sylvester never forgot it, and when, returning a few years later in his professional capacity, he burned up the family homestead and both of his parents, he seems to have experienced some regret on gazing at the remains of Mrs. Jayhawk. "She was always good to me," he remarked to a reverend gentleman with whom he conversed a few days before his death, "and we found no money on her. I couldn't help thinking about her, giving me them keerds, and how foolish it was in me to have forgotten that she kept her money in an old stocking."

In Kansas, our hero seems to have taken a partner in the prosecution of his profession, and to have connected himself with the celebrated Colonel McSnaffle. But the self-reliant disposition and independent character of Jayhawk could not long brook the alliance. In an address to a committee of the citizens of Lawrence, who waited on him beyond the confines of the town, Sylvester alluded to the circumstances of his separation from Colonel McSnaffle. "When we found we couldn't get along together, we agreed to divide our money and separate. I counted out three hundred dollars apiece, and divided the weapons. McSnaffle wanted to give me five hundred and take the weapons himself. But," said Mr. Jayhawk, with playful irony, "I didn't see it. We then shook hands and parted like men, each man a-walking backwards until he was out of rifle shot. Being in a hurry, I kinder forgot myself and turned my back too soon, and when I faced round again he had me covered! He was a mighty smart man," he added, in a tone not entirely free from emotion, "and when I see that, I kinder felt sorry we had separated." Mr. Jayhawk seldom spoke of McSnaffle save in the highest terms, and cheerfully bore evidence—on behalf of the state—in regard to McSnaffle's professional zeal and character.

But it was in California that Sylvester found a fitting theatre for the exercise of his talent, and his career may have been said to have begun with his entry into this state. His advent was modest, and free from display or ostentation. The removal of several employees of the Overland Mail Company along the line, the quiet absorption of valuable mail matter, the permanent withdrawal of stock from the different stations, alone marked his progress. Talent of this high order at once commanded respect. He was retained by the Overland Company as one of their chief overseers; the unnecessary and irregular shedding of blood was in a measure checked, and an authoritative and systematized rule of slaughter substituted for wild and sporadic bloodshed. "It isn't as lively as it used to be," Mr. Jayhawk remarked to an intelligent traveller. "I killed ten men the first year I came to the Rocky Ridge Station; but there's a kind o' falling off in sport." Later, during a temporary sojourn in Virginia City, he was enabled to prosecute his profession with less restraint. Here he fell a victim to an exalted but misguided ambition. "I had killed twenty-nine men up to the fall of 1860," he writes; "I wanted to finish the year with an even number. So I killed a man keerlessly and without forethought." This thoughtless act cost Mr. Jayhawk his life. A brilliant future was destroyed in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm.

From a portrait in the possession of a distinguished official of Nevada, Mr. Jayhawk seems to have been of middle height. His presence would have been more imposing had his person exhibited the usual quantity of organs and members which the conventionalities of society seem to require. His one eye, in its depth and lustre, seemed to rebuke the popular prejudice which leans in favor of two. Another portrait in possession of the Chief of Police of San Francisco, though taken anterior to the Nevada picture, exhibits a much older man, and one whose hair is entirely of a different color. It is a singular instance of the difficulty with which facts in regard to prominent men are obtained, that the same number of fingers do not exist in any two portraits of Mr. Jayhawk. In one we find the nose entirely absent. The expression of our hero's face, though not intelligent, was mild and pleasing; the loss of his upper lip in a prize fight on the banks of the Carson led to the frequent and cheerful exhibition of his front teeth, and produced an open and not unpleasant breadth of feature. Mr. Jayhawk, although never married, left a large family to mourn his loss.—*Californian.*

The Desert of Sahara.

The discoveries of recent African explorers have dispelled many of the popular notions concerning the great desert of Sahara. It used to be described as a nearly-level sandy plain. This plain, it is now ascertained, does not exist, except at its eastern and western extremities. The central portions rise, in the form of terraces, to 900 or 1,200 feet above the valleys of the Atlas and Soudan. They are interspersed with ravines and granite hills. Barth speaks of mountains 4,000 or 5,000 feet high. In general, however, the surface of the desert is flat or slightly undulating; in some places covered with a thick bed of sand, in others hard and flinty. Every aspect confirms the opinion of Humboldt, that the desert is the belt of a former sea, elevated by a geological convulsion. The traveller, almost at every step, meets with mounds of fossil shells and other debris of marine animals. There are immense deposits of rock salt, in some places as pure as marble, and so compact as to serve in construction of houses. Soudan derives salt from this source. The effervescence of nitre and saltpetre is almost everywhere apparent. Lions, tigers, and other ferocious animals with which the desert has in imagination been peopled, are met with only in the forest of the oases, where alone they can find food and water. The lion is king of the desert only in poetry. Man is the true wild animal with whom the traveller dreads an encounter, and bandits infest every caravan route in the Sahara.

The Sahara is always destitute of water. In passing between the tropics the sun carries with him heavily-laden nimbus clouds, which, not meeting with any mountains high enough to condense their moisture and cause it to fall at intervals, descend occasionally by their own gravity and drop their watery treasures in gushing torrents which fill every ravine. It is a deluge which lasts but for a moment; the water disappears in the permeable soil as fast as in came, and forms extensive sheets of water a short distance below the surface. This fact has been revealed by numerous soundings. Already excellent artesian wells, sunk by French engineers, have created verdant oases in places where every vestige of vegetation appeared to be eternally buried beneath the sand. From time immemorial the Arabs have sunk in the open desert wells several hundred feet deep, till they met the watery bed, which they called the subterranean sea.

Helpmeets Indeed.

The mass of manuscript of Allibone's Dictionary, fairly copied for the press, occupies 19,044 large foolscap pages and a few pages in large quarto. The copyist was Mrs. Allibone, who thus proved herself a helpmeet for her accomplished and persevering husband. In like manner, when the late Dr. Buckland wrote his celebrated Bridgewater Treatise on Geology and Mineralogy, his wife copied parts of it nineteen times (so frequent and extensive were the alterations), and, as she told the writer of this, made fair copies of the entire work four times over. Like her, the lady whose name we have ventured to introduce here, having materially aided in her husband's great work, may

"Share the triumph and partake the gale."

That our readers may be able to judge what labor and research have been here concentrated, we shall add a few facts which are within our knowledge. There were 1,873 manuscript pages of subjects under the letter B; 1,555 of H; 1,796 of M; 2,251 of S, and 2,008 of W. It took Dr. Allibone about twenty-two months to write up the articles in the letter S, and about as many more for those of the letter W. Smith cannot be a *very* unusual patronymic, for Dr. Allibone chronicles the literary productions of *seven hundred* of that name, among whom there are *ninety* John Smiths.—*The Press.*

LADY'S LEG-PADDINGS.—In the N. Y. Court of Common Pleas, recently, before Judge Brady, the case of Seymour *vs.* Hobbitzel, came up—the demand being made by Mr. Harry Seymour, the costumer, for two very rich costumes furnished to two ladies for the grand Leiderkranz ball at the Academy of Music, in February, 1865. Mr. Robert D. Holmes, the plaintiff's counsel, put that gentleman on the stand, and in a few questions provoked plenty of merriment. One of the costumes, it seems, was a Don Cesar de Bazin, and a couple of items in the bill of particulars show pretty clearly how we of the male sex are very often victimized. "You say that one of the items is for silk stockings; why were not boots used for the Don Cesar costume, as is usual?" "Because it was desired to show the legs." "And the next item—what is that for?" "Leg-paddings; or, in other words, false calves, to make the legs seem larger than they really were." We submit that when, first, a peculiar costume is adopted, especially to show the legs; and, second, the legs are padded so that we are swindled and humbugged into admiring what does not exist, we male wretches have the right to enter an indignant protest.

STEEL FROM IRON SCRAPS.—If iron scraps in small pieces are put into a crucible at the rate of forty pounds to eight ounces of charcoal and four ounces of black oxyd of manganese, and exposed for an hour and a-half to a high heat and then run into moulds, good steel may be made.

☞ PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS.—A correspondent gives an expressive idea of the delights of the one fever which prevails in Central America, when he says that often, when first attacked, did he lie in his berth "and revel in luxurious recollections of the happy days when he was only seasick!"

Aristocratic Scandal.

The famous Ryves case, now on trial in the London Divorce Court, promises to afford an immense amount of scandal for the edification of those who scoff at "the divinity that doth hedge a king." The evidence presented not only endeavors to prove that the petitioners are the legitimate descendants of the Duke of Cumberland, the brother of George the Third, but also that that monarch himself committed bigamy, and that the descendants of his putative wife, including Queen Victoria, have, therefore, no lawful claim to the throne. This is rather a startling hypothesis, and it would occasion some marvellous social metamorphoses if legally established, but there is not the remotest probability that Mrs. Ryves will ever become Queen of England. If her case should threaten to become very formidable, she may possibly receive a good round sum to relinquish her claims. This, very likely, is the real object of the litigation.

LIBERALISM IN RELIGION.—In a recent letter to "The Friend," a newspaper published by the Society of Friends in this city, the poet, John G. Whittier, states his religious belief. He says he regards Christianity as a life rather than a creed, and in judging of his fellow-men, can use no other standard than that which the Bible gives us—"By their fruits ye shall know them." The only orthodoxy he is specially interested in, he says, is that of "life and practice;" and of the theme of human destiny he continues, "I dare not dogmatize, but wait the unfolding of the great mystery in the firm faith that, whatever may be my own particular allotment, God will do the best for all."

MISS MARY G. HALPINE, of Nashua, New Hampshire, a contributor to several literary works, had an adventure with a burglar a few evenings since. Only herself and mother were in the house, and it was raining in torrents. She watched the operations of the burglar while he removed a pane of glass and introduced his hand to raise the window; and then, thinking that the affair had been carried far enough, she discharged a revolver twice, dropping him to the ground. A policeman hastened to the spot, but the burglar had escaped, leaving a pool of blood under the window.

THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD.—The man who holds the position of being the richest individual in the world is, it is stated, the Viceroy of Egypt. He possesses immense estates in the most fertile country of the globe, the value of their annual product being reckoned at tens of millions of dollars. He has palaces, stores, factories, and such facilities for the management of his properties and his own aggrandizement as are only limited by the extent of the country he governs. Yet, with all his wealth, the viceroy is always short of money, and at present is so needy that he is trying to negotiate a loan in London.

ALCOHOL BARRELS.—Casks designed to be filled with alcohol may be made tight, we are informed, by the application of a solution of one pound of leather scraps and one ounce of oxalic acid in two pounds of water, to which is afterwards gradually added three pounds of warm water. This solution is applied with a brush on the inside of the cask, where it rapidly oxidizes and assumes a brown color, and is insoluble in alcohol. Such a coating closes all the pores of the wood, and is said not to crack or scale off.

☞ A couple of captains became desperate in a saloon, in New Orleans, a few days ago, and their friends provided them with fowling-pieces for a bloody duel. They stood but a few paces apart, and both combatants fell, one covered with mush and the other with molasses, the seconds having loaded the pieces with that kind of "vittles."

☞ He who becomes rich by living like a beggar, is a beggar though he be rich!

☞ The London Spectator says that there is going to be a scarcity of ivory. The demand for Sheffield alone now kills 20,000 elephants a year, and the race is dying, or rather is being killed out.

☞ A literary gentleman whose courtesy in a certain matter a pretty woman had rewarded with a kiss, was so well pleased with the mode of payment, and so little satisfied with the amount, that, judging by the following epigrammatic reply, he is likely to prove a rather inexorable creditor:—

One coin, so delicious, alone
Pays more than you owe me; and yet,
While you have a *mint* of your own,
Don't ask me to cancel the debt!

☞ An extravagant blade was told that he resembled the prodigal. "No," replied he, "I never fed swine." "For a good reason," retorted the other; "the devil would not trust you with his pigs."

☞ NOT PERFECT.—The *Liberté*, a Paris paper, recently published an article advocating war, under the title of "Go-head," which it printed in large type, evidently proud of its knowledge of English.

☞ Wool from the Rocky Mountains, in regions where alkalies abound, has been found almost worthless to the manufacturer; so says The Oregon Agriculturist, on account of rottenness of the fibre, particularly next to the skin. In handling or rubbing it crumbles, and the particles mix with the uninjured portion of the wool, and no art of the cleaner can reparate them. It will be well for eastern wool buyers to make a note of this curious fact, and have an eye to wool from the Pacific coast, to see that it is not of the sort mentioned.

☞ TRICHINÆ.—Dr. Reed, of Baltimore, says the eating of pork has nothing whatever to do with the disease known as trichinæ

"They do not inhabit the muscle of the hog more than that of any other animal, or of man himself. I defy any one to prove by the record of the last 35 years that a solitary death has been caused beyond doubt by the presence of trichinæ. I assert that the charges made against these innocent worms are without shadow of a foundation in fact, and would advise the community, if they desire to eat pork, to do so."

☞ According to the new postal law, just approved by the President, prepaid and free letters are to be forwarded at the request of the party addressed, from one post office to another, without additional postage charge, and returned dead letters are to be restored to the writers thereof free of postage.

☞ Walter Scott, on his death-bed, gave the following advice to his son-in-law, Lockhart:—"Lockhart, I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you lie here."

Bitten by a Dog---The Wonderful Mad Stone.

(From the Attica Ledger.)

One night the latter part of last week, as Dr. W. L. Leyman, of this place, was making a professional call at the house of a Mr. Holmes, in Warren county, he was attacked by two dogs belonging to the place, and while endeavoring to defend himself, fell, when one of the dogs bit him severely on the right arm. On the doctor's arrival at home in his condition, his family became uneasy, and thinking perhaps the dog that bit him was rabid, urged him to go to Terre Haute, and apply the "mad stone" in the possession of Mrs. Taylor, of that place. The doctor had no fears whatever, and had always regarded this stone as a humbug, but finally consented to go to satisfy his family. On his arrival at Terre Haute he proceeded to the house of Mrs. Taylor, and had the application of the same made. The lady informed him that if he was bitten by a rabid animal, the stone would adhere in thirty minutes.

After three hours of faithful application, it failed to take hold, and Mrs. Taylor announced, as the doctor had thought from the first, and as all the circumstances indicated, that he was not bitten by a rabid dog. While, there, however, the doctor witnessed an operation of the "mad stone," and gleaned such facts regarding it from reliable citizens of Terre Haute, as to dissipate the skepticism which he confesses he had always had regarding the efficacy of this stone as an antidote for hydrophobia. He met at Mrs. Taylor's a man from Illinois, who had been bitten by a mad calf, and to whom the stone adhered for thirteen hours, drawing from the wounded part a greenish colored matter, which it failed to extract from the doctor's arm. When the stone became filled with this fluid, it was soaked in warm water for a time, when it would again adhere and absorb with its original force.

Dr. Leyman also conversed with a gentleman in Indianapolis who had been bitten by an unmistakably rabid dog, and used this stone with success. Mrs. Taylor, who is an old resident of Terre Haute, and known by the citizens of that place as a lady of worth and good standing, states that the stone has been used in a thousand cases, and has never failed. She further says it was once applied to a man who had already gone mad from the effect of a bite, and while the fit was on him. He was entirely cured.

Of the history of this stone we are not fully informed. It has been in the Taylor families for eighty years past, and the accounts of its cures are familiar to most of our readers. The stone is white, smooth and hard, is about two inches in length, half or three-quarters of an inch in breadth, and one-fourth of an inch in thickness. It is porous, the pores being star-shaped, and running across the stone in lines of perfect regularity. The operation with it is performed by scarifying the flesh near the bite, and laying the stone on. It never absorbs matters from the wounded part unless the bite is that of a rabid animal. In the process of absorption, the matter frequently passes entirely through the stone.

We are indebted for these facts to Dr. Leyman, who is well known as a good physician of many years' practice, and a gentleman of unquestioned veracity. The doctor very truly says that the stories about this stone seem incredible, but facts are stubborn things, and he is no longer among the skeptics.

HOMER A HINDU!—Mr. James Hutchinson, of the Cape of Good Hope, has published a book in which he contends that Homer had "the great poem of Valmiki, the Ramayana, in his eye" when he composed his own immortal work, and that "Homer was himself a Hindu; that is, that he worshipped the same deities as the Hindus, and professed the same religion, there being at that time but one common idolatry prevalent in that portion of the world." He points out resemblances between the Iliad and the Ramayana, and to show that the rape of Helen and the siege of Troy are merely the Greek copies of the carrying off of Sita, and the capture of Lanka, as described in the Ramayana.

A PUGNACIOUS WORLD.—Fighting seems to be the business that is liveliest the world over, just at present. Let us see: There are the Fenians fighting the Kanuks, the Mexicans are fighting Max and the Imperialists. A little farther down on the map the Peruvians are fighting the Spaniards, with Chili to help them. Then, just over the way, Paraguay is fighting Brazil and the Argentine Confederation. All Europe is getting ready for a big fight. The Russians are fighting the Bokharrns, the Chinese are fighting the Mongolians and the Tartars. In fact, this wicked world was, somehow, never so brimful of fight as it is just now. The Peace Society, we fear, is drifting sadly astern.

SALARIES.—The Eastern newspapers are discussing the question of salaries, and have generally come to the conclusion that the highest salary paid to any one man in New England is that received by the agent of the Salisbury Woollen Mills, at Newburyport—$15,000 a year. The lowest salary in New England is generally believed to be that received by a clergyman, who stated at a recent religious convention in Boston that his pay for last year's preaching consisted of a new hat and a bushel of apples, but now he was more fortunate, as he was getting $25 a year.

ART UNIONS.—On the motion of Lord Robert Montagu, the House of Commons appointed a committee to inquire into the establishment and operations of Art-Unions in England, and upon their effect upon Art. They report that the engravings issued by these Associations are generally indifferent, and that they have encouraged the production of inferior painting and modelling. It is expected that these institutions, in consequence of this unfavorable report, will be strictly placed under the laws which prohibit lotteries in the British Empire.

☞ NEW NAME FOR THE PETROLEUM ARISTOCRACY.—The Oilgarchy.

☞ EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MR. J. STEPHENS TO MR PUNCH.—"The money doesn't come in. The fellows won't even pay a fee for having their names enrolled, or for hearing me speak. Better drop it all as Fenianism, and only remember it as No-Fee-nianism. Poor Ireland. Green, very Green Erin.—J. S."—*London Punch.*

☞ The work of removing the remains of Union soldiers buried around Washington is proceeding rapidly, and it is thought by the end of the month all within twenty-five miles will have been removed and interred in the national cemetery at Arlington Heights.

LOST AT SEA!

Not even a stone to mark his grave!
Down in the fathomless deep he lies;
Above him tosses the restless wave,
And columns of surge to his memory rise:
Unknown to all, yet his sleep is as sound
As if he were buried in holy ground!

No marble scroll of his name to tell—
His name that was—but what recks he now?
It moves him not; 'tis over, and well:
There is tumult above, but there's peace below.
No sound comes there his sleep to break—
Can he ever wake, can he ever wake?

He was lulled to rest mid the tempest's roar,
His death-couch under the curl of the foam;
The billows his dirge chant evermore—
A dirge of death, yet a welcome home:
The sea his sepulchre, let him sleep
At rest mid the throes of the restless deep.

And many a merry barque may go,
And bird glide merrily over the spot,
Nor less will the fish-swarm dance below—
He will heed them not, he will heed them not!
Only then shall he rise from his bed,
When the Ocean itself is robbed of its dead!

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

☞ Prof. W. Byrd Powell, who died in Covington, Ky., a few days ago, bequeathed his head to Mrs. F. H. Kinzie, of Cincinnati, to be used for scientific purposes. In accordance with this, a surgeon cut off the professor's head, and it is now in possession of the lady.

☞ The use of the cigarette at the dinner-table by Parisian ladies is at length beginning to be a custom. They are to be provided with costly Sevres spittoons. Upon which an English writer asks: "But what can gloss over a vulgarity? Not even a gold spittoon set with diamonds, or the use of lace handkerchiefs at 10,000 francs each."

☞ EFFECTIVE EXPLOSIONS.—The most curious work at present going forward in Paris is the levelling of the hill of the Trocadero, on the right bank of the Seine, opposite the bridge of Jena. One-fourth of the work is completed. The ground is mined, and four mines are fired simultaneously by means of an electric battery. A surface of more than two acres is raised by each explosion.

☞ SAN FRANCISCO.—The old Jesuit prophesy of the destruction of San Francisco by a great earthquake during the year 1866, has caused immense consternation in that city.

☞ A "run" on a London bank was stopped, and the crowd in front effectually dispersed in ludicrous plight, by the simple expedient of emptying a bag of flour over them from an upper window.

☞ Englishmen in Canada patriotically avoid placing green spectacles on their noses lest it be construed into hoisting "the green above the red."

☞ Victor Hugo lost seventy-five thousand dollars by the London panic.

☞ The larks sold in the Paris markets are killed by spreading *nux vomica* over the grain fields. Ten thousand are so taken at a time. The *gourmets* are in distress at the discovery.

☞ THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.—The English dissenters, as well as the Established Church, complain of a falling off of theological students in their chief universities.

☞ The following advertisement puzzles a contemporary:—Two SERVANTS WANTED.—One to clean the house, the other to milk and feed the poultry, etc. Apply at, etc., etc., etc.

☞ A colored millionaire, announced as the Duke de Bouton qui Perce, is in Paris. He is the wealthiest of the ex Emperors Soulouque's ebony courtiers. His fortune is stated to be seven millions, and a splendidly decorated and furnished hotel has been prepared for him in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice.

☞ A farmer in Staffordshire lost some cows lately from rinderpest, and got fully persuaded that he was suffering from the disease himself. His regular medical adviser having laughed at the idea, he consulted a famous practitioner, who fully agreed with him, and sent him to the apothecary with a sealed prescription. Both patient and druggist were rather astonished at reading: "This man has got the cattle plague; take him into the back yard and shoot him, according to Act of Parliament."

☞ An Englishman is said recently to have invented a scarecrow so effective that one crow who saw it, brought back all the corn he had stolen for three years.

☞ A gentleman of El Paso, Illinois, has just received a verdict of $3,125 against the Illinois Central Railroad Company. The plaintiff was put off the cars and kicked by the conductor, on account of some dispute about his ticket.

☞ If a lady yawns five times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

☞ The one talent some men have, consists in blowing and swelling as if they had ten.

☞ A pretty girl says: "If our Maker thought it wrong for Adam to live single when there was not a woman on earth, how criminally guilty are old bachelors, with the world full of pretty girls!"

☞ Judge King, of the Common Pleas Court in Baltimore, has just decided that there is no title acquired in property won at a raffle. Therefore it may be stolen with impunity, so far as the law is concerned.

☞ A picture in Punch, called "Rather Cute," represents a man at a ticket office. "Look here!" he says, "you didn't give me the right change just now!" Clerk—"Too late, sir! You should have spoken when you took your ticket!" Passenger—"Should I? Well, it's of no consequence to me; but you gave me half-a-sovereign too much!" Exit.

☞ The Augusta (Me.) Journal says that Silas Leonard, Esq., of that city, succeeds finely in the growing of the Concord grapes by allowing the vines to run at will in the tops of his apple trees, and without the trouble of taking them down and covering them in the autumn.

☞ CUSTOMS.—What funny customs we establish. If you ask your friend for a postage stamp he accepts three cents as a matter of course; but if you ask him for a cigar he would regard it as an insult if you tendered ten or twenty cents in payment.

☞ Numerous pegs or sticks driven into the soil of a flower bed will keep hens from scratching. The pegs will not be visible if the tops are just below the surface.

☞ A green 'un, who had never before seen a steamboat, fell through the hatchway down into the hold of one, and being unhurt, loudly expressed his surprise, "Well, if the darned thing ain't holler!"

A Face Maker.

Europe, which usually sends its *artistes* into all parts of the world, has just received one from America, who is destined to a large amount of success in Paris; the artist, in question is what is called, in theatrical language, a *grime*, or face maker. The talent of this singular *grimacier* consists in imitating the *heads* of celebrated historical personages. He places himself behind a frame hidden with a white cloth, and beside a table covered with wigs, false beards, and paint brushes. As soon as his *toilette* is made, he suddenly draws aside the curtain, and exhibits to the spectators the head of Washington, Napoleon, Charles I., Wellington, Louis XI., or that of a madman, an idiot, a fury, a criminal, &c. The principal merit of this curious spectacle is the rapidity with which the artist *changes his head*, for each transformation is perfect in its truthful resemblance! This *grime*, who has only as yet appeared in the *salons*, is about to "make faces" in public, and his appearance is looked forward to with impatience.—*The Cosmopolitan.*

ARSENIC FOR THE COMPLEXION.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Herald says: "A young lady of this city, who has long been in the habit of eating arsenic for the purpose of beautifying her complexion, yesterday morning took an overdose of the poison which came near killing her. A physician was called in, and succeeded in saving her life. She at first refused to tell what was the matter with her; but, fearing that she was going to die, owned up. The habit of arsenic eating is very common among young ladies who desire to improve their complexion. The experience of this aspirant for beauty should prove a warning to them."

☞ BOSTON MILK.—A Boston paper reports that the assessors of Ward Seven, in that city, recently had the curiosity to examine a large milk establishment, and finding four large casks, weighing probably two thousand four hundred pounds, they investigated the contents of one of them—a stave being broken and thus affording access. It was filled with refined whiting, and on taking a sample for experiment, they found that mixing it with water gave a very good imitation of milk.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. *Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y.* Sold by all druggists, and by *Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2.* je16-6m

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

DEGRAFF, Ohio, June 12, 1863.

Gentlemen:—I have used Perry Davis' Pain Killer in my family for several years and have always found it a reliable cure for Diarrhea and Dysentery, and I cheerfully recommend it to the public. Travellers cannot have by them a better friend in time of sudden attack of bowel complaint.

Yours truly, J. H. PARKE.

Note—It should be understood that the Pain Killer is administered *internally* as well as *externally*. je30-2t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Sore legs, wounds, &c., &c. The surprising sale of these medicines is the surest test of their efficacy in the cure of diseases. Thousands of persons suffering from dreadful maladies have been cured by their use after all other means had failed. Let none despair of success. Sold everywhere.

℞ HONESTY is the best policy in medicine as well as in other things. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a genuine preparation of that unequalled spring medicine and blood purifier, decidedly superior to the poor imitations heretofore in the market. Trial proves it. je30-2t

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stocks continue light. Sales comprise about 10,000 bbls, including 4,000 bbls north-west extra family at from $10,75@11,50; 500 bbls Ohio family at $11@13,50; 800 Pennsylvania do at $12@13,50; and 500 bbls fancy at $15. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $6,50@6,75 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat continues very scarce. Small sales of fair and good old red are making at $3@3,10; 15,000 bus of spring at $2,40@2,55; and small lots of common to good white at from $3@3 25 ℔ bus. Rye—800 bus Pennsylvania sold at $1,30@1,35 ℔ bus. Corn—20,000 bus prime yellow sold at from $1,03@1,05, and 18,000 bus Western mixed at from 97c@$1,02 ℔ bus. Oats—2000 bus Delaware sold at 76@78c; 5000 bus Pennsylvania at 73@74c, and 18,000 bus Western at from 61½@63c ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS—The demand is limited—sales are making at $33 50 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork, 20@20c ℔ lb for Bacon Hams, 19½@20c for Pickled do, 15½c for Salt Shoulders, and 22½@23c ℔ lb for good to prime Lard, in barrels and tierces. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 20@28c, the latter for good. Cheese—Sales of New York at 19@22c. Eggs are selling at 27@28c ℔ doz.

COTTON—About 1100 bales of middlings sold in lots at 39@40c ℔ lb.

BARK—Quercitron continues scarce; 1st No 1 is quoted at $37@38 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of yellow are making at 41@42c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is a fair business doing. Cargo sales are making at $5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Small sales at 85@90c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples; sales are reported at 8@10 ℔ bbl. Dried Apples; we notice sales of old at 15@18c; new range from 10 to 12c. Peaches are disposed of in a small way at 20@24c for unpared halves.

HOPS—Small sales of new Eastern and Western are making at 40 to 70c ℔ lb, as to quality.

SEEDS—Clover seed; about 400 bus prime sold in lots at from $7,60@8 ℔ 64 lbs. Timothy continues dull at $5@5,50. Flaxseed is in demand at $3,30 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is quoted at $2,55@2,60 ℔ gallon. Whiskey; small sales of bbls are making at $2,24@2,26 for Penna, and $2,28@2,30 ℔ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are making at 12@12½c ℔ lb.

WOOL—The receipts are increasing; about 175,000 lbs sold at lots from 60 to 65c for fine, 55 to 60c for medium, 45 to 50c for coarse and 55 to 62c ℔ lb for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 17½@18c ℔ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 75 ℔ head. Sheep—14,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ℔ lb. 2500 Hogs sold at from $13,50@14,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"ITCH"	Cures in from 12 to 48 hours.	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Cures	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Itching Piles,	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Salt-rheum, Scald-head, Rash,	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	all Skin Diseases,	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Price 50 cents.	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	By sending 60 cents to	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	Dr. SWAYNE & SON,	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	No. 230 North Sixth St, Phila.	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"TETTER."
"ITCH"	age paid, to any address.	"TETTER."

Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar24-eowtf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. HENRY C. WILDSMITH to Miss ANNIE H. RODEBAUGH, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Landers Reed, Mr. WOODWARD CARTER, U. S. Navy, to Miss ANNA B. JARRACH, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. J. P. Davis, EDWARD D. CHIPMAN to Miss SALLIE B., daughter of the late Francis Putt, Esq., both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. E. R. Beadle, Mr. THOMAS ROAN to Miss EMMA R. VENNABLE, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. CHARLES HOBSON, of Wilmington, Del., to Miss ANNIE J. MCFADDEN, of Hamerton, Chester co., Pa.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. Chas. E. Murray, Mr. HARRY S. HAWKINS to Miss ANNA L., daughter of the late Wm. R. Paul, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th instant, Mrs. LIZZIE WOODALL, aged 21 years.

On the 16th instant, SAMUEL BACHBACH, in his 76th year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. SAMUEL LEWIS, in his 63d year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY DREW, aged 51 years.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH, wife of Capt. Jas. Hoover, in her 54th year.

On the 16th instant, ROBERT B. GLOVER, in his 62d year.

On the 16th instant, Mrs. EMILY HUDDELL, in her 57th year.

On the 15th instant, HANNAH C. FISHER, in her 84th year.

On the 15th instant, at the residence of Richard Evans, Esq., Chester county, JOHN FIELD, in his 83d year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse, rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

DEMAS B. BARNES & CO., New York.

HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingue* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.
Address all orders to
DEMAS B. BARNES & CO., New York.

"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,

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Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," is two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

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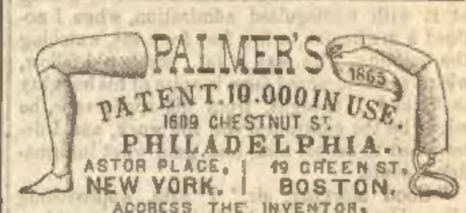

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Morning with the Rothschilds.

A TRUE STORY.

BY JOHN JONES.

Not quite four years ago, feeling myself well off in worldly affairs, and in need of a little relaxation from my business, I determined to undertake a trip to Europe. Now, at my time of life (for I am a little over fifty), and for a man who had never been out of the limits of his native state, this was no slight undertaking. Some of my friends thought it would be better for me to travel through my own country, and see that, before going off to foreign lands, and told me that if I had any money to spend in sight seeing, I ought to spend it in America, instead of carrying it abroad. But I paid no attention to these suggestions. I was thoroughly imbued with the American idea that my native country could not compare with Europe in its attractions, and that it was far more important that I should know London and Paris, than New York and Boston.

To Europe, then, I determined to go, and accordingly set about making my preparations for the journey. In due time I was ready, and soon I had passed Cape Cod, on one of the Cunard steamers, and was fairly *en route* for Liverpool.

When I arrived in England I set myself to work to accomplish the object of my journey—to see all that I could; and, in doing so, I attracted much attention. I made many acquaintances, and was told by them that I was the best representative of my nation they had ever seen. In curiosity and a determination to gratify that feeling, I think I was. I spared no pains to see all the sights, and hear all the gossip that came in my way. This characteristic at last brought me into an awkward predicament, which I purpose to describe in these pages.

One morning while I was in London, I started out for a walk. I had heard a great deal of the famous palace which the Rothschilds were building, and I went out on this particular morning for the purpose of seeing it. I soon reached it, and, through the kindness of the master builder, was shown over it. I had finished my inspection, and was standing on the side-walk, gazing at it with undisguised admiration, when I noticed a gentleman, a few feet from me, watching the building. He was a fat, portly old fellow, with a good-humored face, in spite of his haughty look, and I thought, from his appearance, he might be the contractor for the work, and I determined to accost him, and gain what information I could.

"Good morning, sir," I said, approaching him. He bowed politely, but without speaking.

"I am a stranger here, sir," I went on.

"You are from America," he said smiling.

"Indeed I am," I replied, "and I'm proud of it, I assure you. I have been looking over this building, and I would like to ask you for some information concerning it."

"I shall be happy to oblige you," he said politely. He was very kind in telling me much that was of interest. At last I said abruptly:

"I suppose you have seen Rothschild, sir."

"Which one?"

"The old cock."

"I see the old cock every day," he replied dryly, giving me a strange glance.

"By George, I should like to have a look at him," I went on. "People say he's a gay old chap, and lives high. I wish I had him in my power. I'd not let him get away until he had shelled out a pile of his money."

The old gentleman burst into a laugh.

"Baron Rothschild had to work for his money, and deserves to enjoy it," he said at length, when he had got over his merriment.

"Maybe so," I remarked, "but I reckon he did a heap of gouging and squeezing to get it."

The old man's face flushed.

"I never heard the honesty of the house called in question," he said stiffly.

"Didn't you? Well, to tell the truth, neither did I. But I wouldn't be surprised if I'm right, after all. It's in the blood of his race, you know. Ever since the days of Judas Iscariot, the Jews have had a hankering after pieces of silver."

The old man's face grew as black as a thunder-cloud, and he bit his lip without speaking.

"People tell me," I continued, not heeding this, for I thought it was natural that the old fellow should be annoyed at anything said against his employers, "people tell me that the Rothschilds have made two fortunes. Now, as most people can only make one, I feel somewhat interested to learn the manner in which this was done. Can you tell me, sir?"

The old man's face brightened instantly, and he replied smilingly, with more politeness than he had yet manifested—

"Certainly, sir. People do say that the house of Rothschilds made one fortune by being careful to mind their own business, and the other by letting that of other people's alone. Good-morning, sir."

With an elegant bow, he turned and left me staring at him in blank amazement. I began to "smell a rat," and I looked for some one from whom to ask the old gentleman's name. He had stopped at the upper end of the building, and was giving some directions to a workman.

I saw a handsome man of about thirty standing a short distance from me, looking at the building. I liked his face, and I went up to him.

"Excuse me for troubling you, sir," I said, "but I am a stranger in the country, and would like to ask you a question."

"I shall be happy to give you any information in my power," he said politely.

"Then can you tell me the name of that old gentleman," I asked, pointing to my sarcastic acquaintance.

"Certainly," he replied. "That is Baron Rothschild, the head of the house of the name."

"Whew!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "I've got myself into a scrape."

"What is the matter?" asked my new friend curiously.

I told him what had occurred between the baron and myself. He laughed heartily, and remarked pleasantly, when I had concluded:

"That was awkward."

"He's a crusty old chap," I said, considerably vexed. "He's as cross as a bear."

"Oh, that's only his way," replied my companion. "He is a good, kind-hearted man, but is rather eccentric."

"I should say so."

The gentleman asked me a great many questions concerning America, and seemed interested and amused by my answers.

"Do you know Baron Rothschild?" I asked at length.

"I have met with him several times," was the reply, "and have an appointment to wait upon him at his office to-day."

"Then I wish you'd say to him," I went on, "that I did not know who I was talking to to-day, or I would not have said so much; and that he need not have been so huffish about it."

"I will do so," replied my acquaintance, laughing. "You must not mind him. He was a little nettled at it, but will be the first to laugh at the adventure when he recovers his good humor. Good morning."

With a bow and a pleasant smile he left me.

Just then a workman passed me. I stopped him, and asked if he could tell me the name of the gentleman who had just left me.

"That was one of the younger Rothschilds," he said, "and—"

I waited to hear no more, but pulling my hat down over my eyes, set off at once for my lodgings. I was absolutely afraid to speak to a stranger for a week, for fear he might be a Rothschild.

Evasive.

Patrick, before he became joined in the bonds of "holy wedlock" with Bridget, was in the service of father McNulty. One day that good priest expected a call from a Protestant minister, and wished some excuse to get rid of him. So calling Patrick, he proceeded to give him instructions.

"Patrick," said he, "if that minister comes here to-day, I do not wish to see him."

"Yes, yer riverence."

"Make some kind of an excuse and send him away."

"What shall I tell him if he comes, your riverence?"

"Tell him I'm not at home?"

"Would ye have me tell a lie to him, yer riverence?"

"No, no, Patrick; but get him out some way—give him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer is it? I'll do it, av course, yer riverence."

The matter thus arranged, father Mac retired to his library, and Patrick went about his duties. About dusk in the afternoon, the worthy priest came out of his room and found Patrick in unusually good spirits.

"Well, Patrick," said he, "did the minister call to-day?"

"Yes, sir-r-r."

"And did you get rid of him?"

"I did, sir."

"Did he ask if I was in?"

"He did, sir."

"And what did you say to him?"

"I gave him an evasive answer."

"An evasive answer, Patrick?"

"Yes, yer riverence."

"And what did you say to him?"

"He axed me was ye's in, and *I tould him was his grandmother a donkey!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hay-Making.

One would naturally suppose that after all the arguments and essays, and the years of experiments and experience in hay-making, we should in this year of grace, 1866, have had results reliable and satisfactory to every one in regard to the time and manner most proper for cutting and curing all kinds of hay.

Instead, however, of such being the case, we have written and orally expressed opinions as positive in different directions, and just as widely differing as ever, as if all past experiments and experience had gone for nothing.

Now relying something on our own experience in hay-making, going back over a period of more than twenty years, during which one rule was invariably observed, we put in an opinion rather confidently that if all farmers who cut and cure hay would be a trifle more consistent in after conditions and considerations, we should very soon have questions of time, and mode of making, satisfactorily settled. Let us illustrate:

Farmer A. has been in the practice for years of cutting his timothy after the stem is dry as a dead twig, and seed as hard nearly as a hickory-nut—his clover after it is as brown as the bark of a dead hemlock. Then after baking the little life left in the hay as nearly out as possible two days in a dog-day sun, he hauls it in, packs it down in a close bay—no ventilation below, the base of the mow on the ground, or very near it, and feeds away fearlessly and freely all through the winter, his hay coming out as bright as it went in, carrying his stock through the winter without absolutely killing, the cattle taking to, and filling up with dry—*very* dry hay in default of greener and better fare, just as a Cape Horn crew line their jackets, and live tolerably on "salt hoss" and "hard tack"—not because it is the most nutritious food, or they are particularly fond of it, but because they must eat, and more nourishing or palatable "grub" is not to be had off Cape Horn.

Very well; after fifteen years of such practice Farmer A. sees a progressive neighbor cutting his timothy just when the seed is fully developed, but still soft, with all the juices still in the plant—then the clover, when the blossoms begin to put on the earliest tinge of brown. The timothy is well spread, stirred and shaken up, and as a rule hauled in and housed with from three to five hour's sun roasting—the clover from two to four. Through the winter, A. looks in every other day on an average to see how his neighbor's new-fashioned hay comes out and his stock come on. All highly satisfactory—hay bright, sweet, and all eaten from the racks clean—stock improving instead of losing flesh.

"Yes—that'll do," A. says. "That is an improved practice. I'll follow it myself."

So Farmer A. follows the new hay-making creed, and utterly fails. He has cut and cured his hay precisely as his neighbor did, and put it away in exactly the same manner. But it was a different turnout by a very long way, the top, and half the distance down was satisfactory enough. Then there began to be must, then mould, then damp—wet, black, and at last towards the bottom of the mow, absolute muck—fit for nothing but manure. So A. declares early cutting and four hour's curing of hay an abominable humbug, and pays a hundred dollars for some one else's cured hay to carry his stock through to grass.

Now if Farmer A. had exercised just a trifle of the common sense he is possessed of, he would have seen that all the fault was with himself; nothing in the practice of early cutting and four hour's curing. Instead of having free ventilation all under his hay, and the hay well up from the ground, as his neighbor had, and as all hay mows ought to have, right down on the ground went his green-cut hay, and heating upwards, and muck, mould, must and utter ruin of half the stock was the inevitable consequence. And Farmer A. goes back to ripe, juiceless hay, late cutting, and two days roasting in the sun again, and declares that *that* is the right way to make hay.

There is a very great deal of timely cut and properly cured hay ruined or seriously damaged by just such carelessness, and lack of the exercise of common sense every year. And then comes the outcry against green-cutting and four hour's curing of hay.

If the bottom of the "mow" or stack be raised three feet from the ground, affording free circulation of air underneath, and then at every depth of three feet there be a layer four or five inches thick of clean, dry straw spread over the surface, and that sprinkled over with a mixture of equal parts of slacked lime and coarse salt at the rate of a bushel to the ton of hay, and so fill up to the top of the "mow" or stack, there can be scarcely a possibility of damage by heating to green-cut and very slightly cured hay of any sort. These conditions being strictly observed the material will come out as sweet, bright, and very nearly as nutritious as it was when put away. If there happens to be a failure, the fault will be in something else than the principle.

Care in Cultivating.

Just the time now to preach and practice particular care in the cultivation of all field crops where the horse and plough come in as expeditious manual labor savers. In the cultivation of the corn-crop especially, very great caution ought to be exercised.

Carelessly tramping on, or heedlessly crushing with a clod a feeble corn-plant, is as destructive and wicked in its way as batting a soft-shelled baby on the head with a billet of wood. Neither baby or corn will be likely to come to much account after such usage. Neither can a more mature corn-plant at any stage of growth put on its fullest vigor and exercise its best corn-making functions with one, two or three of its blades shattered, broken and hanging down helpless. Who but an absolute idiot would ever expect to fatten an animal with two legs broken all to smash, or a gander with both wings half torn from his body and dragging helpless on the ground? No more can a stalk of corn with two or three crushed and mutilated blades left hanging by shreds, come to its best growth or fill out proper ears.

Every man who goes into a cornfield to cultivate, should firstly have always in mind the fact that his mission is to promote the growth of the crop—not to crush and cripple it. Secondly, he should always have a sharp knife in his pocket to snick off with a clean cut an inch from the stalk, every broken blade. It will pay to stop the horse twenty seconds five times in every "through" to perform such surgery.

Gathered Grains.

—— Now is the time—and from now to six weeks hence, to prune all deciduous trees. While in full foliage you can always see best how to shape the heads, and while growing fastest the wounds will soonest heal healthily. The cut ought to be clean and smooth surfaced, without split or break, and from one-eighth to three inches from the larger branch or trunk, according to size.

—— A decidedly ridiculous failure to communicate correct intelligence that was, when the London operator undertook to tell the Glasgowans of the grand smash-up of the big house of Peto & Betts, and astonished the Scotchmen with the announcement of the "failure of *potatoes and beets*—nine million pounds."

—— In a good many directions we have heard personal complaints from ladies of the fading out, or turning pale of their prettiest and brightest colored flowers. Yes—that is natural enough, and very easily remedied. The flowers grow pale from being grown consecutively several years in the same soil and thus exhausting the natural coloring element. To correct that, supply artificial coloring. Take any of the vegetable dye stuffs affording the colors you wish to have the flowers, extract the dye principle by boiling in sour skimmed milk, and feed the roots of the plants with the material cold. Continue the practice until the desired tints are attained.

—— Everywhere the indomitable Saracen has planted his crescent upon the plums and his colony within the fruit, cutting off almost to a plum the entire crop again. And in ten days of diligent observation and inquiry, we have not seen or heard of a single effort having been made to head off the insatiate pirate. No wonder the atomic Turk augments his standing army every season.

—— In a recent range through the counties of Bucks, Montgomery, and Chester, we have observed a wide want of some good, hardy, reliable, and ornamental fencing material. Having an idea that such a want may be cheaply supplied, if we can get fifteen reliable farmers of the above and Philadelphia counties to pass their word that they will give the thing a fair trial, and Thomas Meehan, Esq., of Germantown, will undertake to test the applicability of the plant to our soil and climate, we will undertake to get as soon as possible the seeds of what we believe to be the best and prettiest hedge plant in this world, free of cost to any one, and place them in Mr. Meehan's hands for experiment.

What is a Darling?—Some one asks, "What is a darling?" and very prettily answers the question. No one but a father or mother could have written it: "A darling is a dear little beaming girl, who meets one on the door step; who flings her arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her soul of love; who seizes one's hat, who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth, unsolicited, such delicious songs; who asks all sorts of queer questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face; and on whose light, glossy curls one places one's hand and breathes 'God bless her!' as the fairy form departs."

☞ Lord Byron, in reference to a lady he thought ill of, writes, "Lady —— has been dangerously ill; but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again."

☞ Motto for a Servants' Hall.—"They also serve who only stand and wait."—*Milton.*

☞ A young lady in Iowa, all for love, recently hung herself—to a limb of the law.

SKETCHES OF MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

Violent M. C.

Frantic M. C.

Ill-used M. C.

Fashionable M. C.

Stupefied M. C.

M. C. Whose Hopes are Shattered.

M. C. Who Flatters Himself he did not Show his Feelings when he left the House.

Collapsed M. C.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 2, 3, 1, is done by carpenters.
My 3, 4, 5, is done by every one.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is caused by rapid motion.
My 5, 3, 4, is a beverage.
My 2, 4, 5, is an article of dress.
My 1, 3, 5, is caused by immersion.
My 2, 3, 5, is a girl's nickname.
My whole is rather scarce this year.

Irwin Station, Pa. W. H. MORROW.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Sicilian tyrant.
A grand division of the earth.
The father of Joshua.
An algebraic equation.
A soda found in Mexico.
A little devil.
The shrew wife of a philosopher.
A constellation.
A gem.
A book of Runic Mychology.

My initials and finals form the names of a famed knight and his intelligent squire.

Franklin, Ill. EMILY.

Double Acrostic.

1. Shrine of all saints, and temple of all gods,
   Relic of nobler days—despoiled, yet perfect.
2. But thou of temples old, or altars new,
   Standest alone, with nothing like to thee.

1. Close by a famous fountain.
2. A well-known Eastern mountain.
3. We often take it after tea.
4. Quite peculiar to the sea.
5. The grave of a lover.
6. It is apt to flow over.
7. Gallant and gay.
8. We don't sing by day. C. P.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A tinker wishes to make a box from a square sheet of tin, by cutting square pieces from the corners, and then turning up the sides, so that the box shall contain the most possible. How much must be cut off, and what will be the contents of the box? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many spheres 10 feet in diameter can touch a central one 8,000 miles in diameter?

Paulville, Mo. J. M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a cat going up three flights of stairs, like a big hill? Ans.—Because she is a "mountin."

☞ What is the key-note to good breeding? Ans.—B natural.

☞ My first is equality, my second is inferiority, and my whole is superiority. Ans.—Match-less.

☞ When you stole my first I lost my second; but may you ever possess my whole. Ans.—Heart's ease.

☞ What does a telegraph operator do when he receives the heads of important news? Ans.—Waits for *de tails*, of course.

☞ When may a man's pocket be empty and yet have something in it? Ans.—When it has a hole in it.

☞ What kind of hood do all children have to wear, and which men and women desire to wear, but can't? Ans.—Childhood.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Major-General Joseph A. Cooper. RIDDLE—The letter U. RIDDLE—Cares—Caress.

Answer to Cosmo's PROBLEM of April 28th—Start from the north pole. Cosmo and Artemas Martin. The north pole is the point from which we should start, but it would be extremely difficult to get there; and probably the *magnetic* needle would be as apt to point in one direction as another—therefore from the limited knowledge we have of *that* region, it is reasonable to consider it a physical impossibility. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of April 28th—James receives $5 6-7, Thomas receives $3 3-7, Charles receives $1 5-7. J. M. Greenwood, Artemas Martin, M. Stevens.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM same date—5 years. A. Martin, J. M. Greenwood, M. Stevens.

The Iridoscope.

M. Houdin, of Paris, has added another of these ingenious instruments—the iridoscope—by the aid of which an individual is able to see all that is going on in his own eye. It is simply an opaque shell, to cover the eye, pierced in the centre with a very small hole. On looking through steadfastly at the sky, or at any diffused light, the observer may watch the tears streaming over the globe, and note the dilation and contraction of the iris, and even see the aqueous humor poured in when the eye is fatigued by a long observation. It is needless to say that with the aid of this instrument a man can easily find out for himself whether he has a cataract or not. If he has, he will only see a sort of veil covering the luminous disk which is seen by a healthy eye. The instrument is certainly simple and curious, and will no doubt excite attention in those who are anxious to know more of themselves. An "iridoscope" may be readily extemporized by making a hole in the bottom of a pill-box with a fine needle.

☞ The Irish have always been noted for their original and characteristic way of saying things. Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging of him, who when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life"—but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added—"and never overtake you!"